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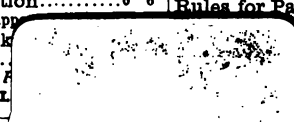

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THE career of an heroic seaman always possesses an interest to an insular nation like the English. Still more is this the case when the seaman, as a naval commander, achieves brilliant exploits against enemies superior in force to himself. And still more, again, is the interest excited, when such a man sees his fair fame clouded by undeserved accusations, and fails to obtain justice until gray hairs mark the declining years of life. Such a man was the lately deceased Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, Admiral of the Red, and Rear-admiral of the Fleet.

## BIRTH, HOME, AND BOYHOOD.

Thomas Cochrane, born at Annsfield, in Lanarkshire, on the 14th December 1775, was descended from a very old Scottish family. He himself believed that the first Cochrane was a Scandinavian sea-rover, who, in a remote age, settled on the shores of Renfrew and Ayr; and such a rover would certainly not have been an inapt ancestor for him. But be this as it may, there are records of the family so far back as the year 1262, as chieftains of the barony of Coveran, Cochran, or Cochrane. Robert Cochran, about four centuries ago, was a great favourite with James III. of Scotland, and by this favouritism won for himself the enmity of many Scottish nobles. A later representative of the family, William Cochrane, as a reward for mediating between Charles I. and his angry subjects in the north, was raised to the peerage in 1641, under the title of Lord Cochrane of Dundonald; and in 1669 the title was elevated to the higher one of Earl of Dundonald. The Dundonalds were powerful in Scotland during the remainder of that century, but in the following century they merely took rank among the nobility of average influence.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest son of the ninth earl; his mother was a daughter of Captain Gilchrist of the royal navy. As the patriarchal estates had nearly all left the family, owing to rebellions, forfeitures, mortgages, and other causes, Thomas inherited little beyond the chance of an earldom. His father made many attempts to resuscitate the family fortunes, by entering into commercial and manufacturing enterprises. Among these were schemes for preparing soda from common salt; for the employment of alumina as a mordant for dyers and calico-printers; for preparing British gum as a substitute for gum-Senegal in calico-printing; for the manufacture of sal-ammoniac; for producing white-lead by a new process; and for extracting tar from pit-coal. All these schemes —as well as numerous experiments on the gas produced from coal, and on the application of chemistry to agriculture—evinced considerable chemical knowledge and general intelligence; but they proved disastrous to the family in a pecuniary sense.

When it became necessary to adopt some definite mode of life, young Cochrane, through the aid of his uncle Alexander, a captain in the navy, entered into the naval service. Before this, however, an attempt was made to obtain for him a position in the army; but his dislike of the stiff martinet rules of military drill proved too strong to be surmounted. In his *Autobiography*, he gives an amusing account of his first and only experience as a military officer: 'By way of initiation into the mysteries of the military profession, I was placed under the tuition of an old sergeant, whose first lessons *well accorded with his* instructions, "not to pay attention to my

foibles." My hair, cherished with boyish pride, was formally cut, and plastered back with a vile composition of candle-grease and flour; to which was added the torture incident to the cultivation of an incipient *queue*. My neck, from childhood open to the Lowland breeze, was encased in an inflexible leathern collar or stock, selected according to my preceptor's notions of military propriety; these almost verging on strangulation. A blue semi-military tunic, with red collar and cuffs, in imitation of the Windsor uniform, was provided; and to complete the *tout ensemble*, my father, who was a determined Whig partisan, insisted on my wearing yellow waistcoat and breeches—yellow being the Whig colour, of which I was admonished never to be ashamed. A more certain mode of calling into action the dormant obstinacy of a sensitive high-spirited lad could not have been devised, than that of converting him into a caricature, hateful to himself and ridiculous to others. As may be imagined, my costume was calculated to attract attention, the more so from being accompanied by a stature beyond my years. Passing one day near the Duke of Northumberland's palace at Charing Cross, I was beset by a troop of ragged boys, evidently bent on amusing themselves at the expense of my personal appearance, and in their peculiar slang indulging in comments thereon far more critical than complimentary. Stung to the quick, I made my escape from them; then rushing home, begged my father to let me go to sea with my uncle, in order to save me from the degradation of floured head, pigtail, and yellow breeches.'

## ENTERS THE NAVY.

At length this poor son of a poor earl, on the 27th June 1793, entered on board H.M.S. *Hind* at Sheerness, as midshipman, he being then in his eighteenth year. He was a stripling over six feet in height, was older than middies usually are on entering the service, was nephew to the captain of the ship, and was a lord (Lord Cochrane) to boot. These characteristics might possibly have interfered with a due obedience to discipline, were it not that he had a real love for sea-life, which rendered him willing to bend to the necessary conditions of the service. Fortunately, he was placed under a skilful though rough lieutenant, who speedily trained him to good seamanship. The *Hind* started on a cruise to the coast of Norway, to look out for French privateers or convoys. Once, while on this duty, in return for hospitalities received on shore, many Norwegians were invited to visit the ship; the ladies were 'whipped' or hoisted up by means of ropes and a sort of chair with ease and comfort. Unfortunately, however, there was a parrot on board who had learned most of the boatswain's calls. While one lady was being lifted in the chair, the parrot called out: '*Let go.*' The seamen, thinking it was the boatswain's command, *did* let go; and the lady had an unexpected though temporary dip in the sea.

On returning from Norway, young Cochrane was transferred from the *Hind* to the *Thetis*, a more powerful frigate, which was placed under his uncle's command. The *Thetis* was ordered to join the squadron of Admiral Murray, sent out in 1794 to capture some of the French settlements in North America. When about nineteen years of age, our hero was promoted by Admiral Murray to the rank of junior lieutenant; and soon afterwards he became acting-lieutenant of the *Africa*, under Captain Home. Cochrane, in his *Autobiography*, speaks of the 'dreary five years' that the squadron spent near the North American coast, capturing few prizes, and being engaged in few exciting adventures; cruising among the fogs of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, instead of joining in the brilliant achievements that marked the maritime wars of Europe.

## CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: 1798—1801.

Towards the close of 1798, Cochrane received the appointment of junior lieutenant of the *Barfleur*, the flag-ship of a fleet with which Lord Keith was blockading the Mediterranean ports of Spain. This was a kind of service that at first gave slender hope for activity, seeing that the Spanish fleet shewed little tendency to quit the defensive batteries of Cadiz, and hazard a naval battle. On the 6th of May 1799, however, there was a formidable assemblage of hostile ships. A French fleet, which came quietly round to Cadiz, consisted of thirty-three sail of the line; and a Spanish fleet of twenty-two sail, in the harbour, swelled the number to fifty-five sail of the line, besides several frigates belonging to the enemy. Lord Keith had under him at the time fifteen sail of the line and one frigate. The Spaniards, however, did not come out of the harbour, and the French did not want to fight; for their purpose was to liberate the Spanish fleet from Cadiz, and accompany it to Toulon. Young Cochrane and other officers of the *Barfleur* burned with impatience to be 'up and doing,' to connect their names with some achievement that would bring them honour or prize-money, or both. On one occasion, when Lord Keith knew, but Earl St Vincent (his superior in the Mediterranean command) did not know, the 'whereabouts' of the French, St Vincent sent peremptory orders which Keith felt compelled to obey, although they carried him away from the very direction in which he knew the French were sailing. In June, Keith succeeded St Vincent as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean; and Cochrane shifted with him from the *Barfleur* to the *Queen Charlotte*, a larger and finer ship. Again and again was the search for the two hostile fleets renewed: a weaker force running up and down the Mediterranean to intercept, fight, and capture two fleets of much greater strength. Now at Toulon, now at Minorca, now at Gibraltar; then at Cadiz, at Tetuan, at Carthagena—the *'big ones' were always* running away from the 'little ones.' At last

it became certain that they had emerged from the Mediterranean altogether, and were proceeding northward along the Portuguese coast to the Bay of Biscay. Lord Keith pursued, but had the mortification of seeing them enter safely at Brest, where he could not get at them. The whole affair was most distasteful to young officers like Cochrane, affording not the smallest opening for a brush with the enemy. Keith, foiled in his chase, went to Torbay; and while he was there, the French and Spanish fleets, stealing quietly out of Brest, sailed down again towards the Mediterranean!

Cochrane's first experience in the Mediterranean was thus anything but gratifying to him. While Keith was at Torbay, Nelson was achieving brilliant things off the Sicilian coast, and was making himself the idol of the navy. Cochrane never served under Nelson, but they conversed once at Palermo; and the former treasured up a maxim which Nelson impressed upon him in regard to naval warfare: 'Never mind manœuvres; always go at them!' This was just after Cochrane's own heart; he did 'go at them' all his life, whenever he had an opportunity.

A more busy scene was now in store for the energetic young Scotchman. Early in 1800, Cochrane was placed in command of the *Speedy* sloop. If ever a man owed success to himself and his crew, and not to his vessel, such was now the case. The *Speedy* was a sloop of 158 tons, armed with fourteen 4-pounders, and manned, 'or rather crowded,' as he expressed it, with fifty-four officers and men. He asked for and obtained two 12-pounders, but found that his little craft was too weak to carry them. When, in his old age, the Earl of Dundonald wrote his *Autobiography*, he dwelt with a sort of comic affection on the little vessel which, as the young Lord Cochrane, had formed his first command nearly sixty years before. 'Despite her unformidable character,' he says, 'and the personal discomfort to which all on board were subjected, I was very proud of my little vessel, caring nothing for her want of accommodation, though in this respect her cabin merits passing notice. It had not so much as room for a chair, the floor being entirely occupied by a small table surrounded with lockers, answering the double purpose of store chests and seats. The difficulty was to get seated, the ceiling being only five feet high; so that the object could only be accomplished by rolling on the locker, a movement sometimes attended with unpleasant failure. The most singular discomfort, however, was that my only practicable mode of shaving consisted in removing the skylight, and putting my head through, to make a toilet-table of the quarter-deck.'

Nevertheless, in this little tub of a vessel, Cochrane did that which made the French and Spaniards very uneasy, and proportionably won for him a reputation at home. Besides boarding and searching innumerable neutral vessels, he had much fighting and some capturing. On the 10th of May he captured the Intrépide, a

French privateer of six guns and forty-eight men—his first prize. On the 14th he recaptured two merchant-ships which had been seized by armed boats of the enemy. On the 16th of June he captured a small vessel off Elba; and on the 22d recaptured a prize from a French privateer. On the 25th he followed a Spanish privateer, the *Assunçion*, of ten guns and thirty-three men, right under a fort near Bastia, attacked and captured her, and carried her off though pursued by five gun-boats. On the 9th July his boats 'cut out' a Spanish ship lying actually within the range of the guns of Cape Sebastian, and brought it away; on the 19th and 31st he captured two French privateers; and on the 3d of August he took his long train of prizes safely into Leghorn Roads.

Far into the year 1801 did this cruise extend, and numerous were the adventures to which it led. The *Speedy* sailed hither and thither, capturing French and Spanish merchant-ships, privateers, and regular vessels of war, not only off the Spanish coast, but throughout the whole of the western half of the Mediterranean. Cochrane was seldom dismayed by disparity of numbers or strength. His tactics sometimes bore a laughable resemblance to those of a little man when fighting another a head taller than himself; there is a chance, in such a case, that the giant will hit *over* instead of *at* the dwarf. An instance of this kind presented itself on the 6th of May. He fell in with a large Spanish xebec frigate, the *Gamo*. Cochrane ran up close to it without firing a shot, although receiving two broadsides while so doing. 'To have fired our pop-gun 4-pounders at a distance,' he says, 'would have been to throw away the ammunition; but the guns being doubly, and, as I afterwards learned, trebly shotted, and being elevated, they told admirably upon her main-deck. . . . . My reason for locking our small craft in the enemy's rigging was one upon which I mainly relied for victory—namely, that, from the height of the frigate out of the water, *the whole of her shot must necessarily go over our heads;* while our guns, being elevated, could blow up her main-deck.' The Spaniards, not liking this state of things, made arrangements for boarding the *Speedy;* but Cochrane deemed it much more suitable that *he* should board the Spanish vessel instead. Consequently, the surgeon taking the helm, all the rest of the crew, officers and men, clambered up into the big ship. Some of the English sailors, at Cochrane's suggestion, blackened their faces, and came upon the Spaniards up the bows of the ship in such guise as to startle them by a diabolical appearance. Cochrane was particularly fond of queer devices of this kind. 'In difficult or doubtful attacks by sea,' he observes, 'and the odds of 50 men to 320 come within this description, no device can be too minute, even if apparently absurd, provided it have the effect of diverting the enemy's attention whilst you are concentrating your own. In this and other successes against odds, I have no hesitation in saying that success *in no slight degree* depended on out-of-the-way devices, which the

enemy not suspecting, were in some measure thrown off their guard.' The big ship was captured by the little one. Cochrane drew up the following curious balance-sheet concerning the *Gamo* and the *Speedy:*

| GAMO. | SPEEDY. |
|---|---|
| Main-deck guns— | Main-deck guns— |
| 22 long 12-pounders. | 14 4-pounders. |
| Quarter-deck guns— | Quarter-deck guns— |
| 8 long 8-pounders, | None. |
| 2 24-pounder carronades. | |
| Number of crew, 319. | Number of crew, 54. |
| Broadside of shot, 190 pounds. | Broadside of shot, 28 pounds. |
| Tonnage, 600 and upwards. | Tonnage, 158. |

The killed and wounded in the *Gamo* actually exceeded in number the whole crew of the *Speedy;* and Cochrane found it no easy matter to convoy his prize, with 263 unhurt Spanish prisoners, safely to Minorca. This he did, however, and received the warm thanks of Lord Keith for his gallantry.

On another occasion during this cruise, plot and counterplot were exhibited in an amusing way. The *Speedy* had become known to the Spanish authorities as a mischievous and audacious little vessel, and a plan was laid to capture it. 'When off Plane Island, we were very near "catching a Tartar." Seeing a large ship inshore, having all the appearance of a well-laden merchantman, we forthwith gave chase. On nearing her, she raised her ports, which had been closed to deceive us, the act discovering a heavy broadside; a clear demonstration that we had fallen into the jaws of a formidable Spanish frigate, now crowded with men, who had before remained concealed below. That the frigate was in search of us there could be no doubt, from the deception practised. To have encountered her with our insignificant armament would have been exceedingly imprudent, while escape was out of the question; for she would have outsailed us, and could have run us down by her mere weight. There was therefore nothing left but to try the effect of a *ruse*, prepared beforehand for such an emergency. After receiving at Mahon (Minorca) information that unusual measures were about to be taken by the Spaniards for our capture, I had the *Speedy* painted in imitation of the Danish brig *Clomer*—the appearance of this vessel being well known on the Spanish coast. We also shipped a Danish quartermaster, taking the further precaution of providing him with the uniform of an officer of that nation. On discovering the real character of our neighbour, the *Speedy* hoisted Danish colours, and spoke her. At first this failed to satisfy the Spaniard, who sent a boat to board us. It was now time to bring the Danish quarter-master into play in his officer's uniform; and to add force to his explanations, we ran the quarantine flag up to the fore, calculating on the Spanish horror of the plague, then prevalent along the Barbary coast. On the boat

coming within hail—for the yellow flag effectually repressed the enemy's desire to board us—our mock-officer informed the Spaniards that we were two days from Algiers, where at the time the plague was violently raging. This was enough. The boat returned to the frigate, which, wishing us a good voyage, filled and made sail; and we did the same.' Such are the moralities of war!

During this cruise in the Mediterranean, Cochrane, sojourning at Malta for a few days, went to a fancy-ball in the dress of a common boatswain, with marline-spike and lump of grease all complete; was refused admittance; fought a duel next day in consequence; and sent a ball through the thigh of the unfortunate official whose punctilio had led to the quarrel. On another occasion he had an interview with the terrible Dey of Algiers, to expostulate with him on a matter of piracy, and had a narrow escape from losing his head for his trouble.

## MADE PRISONER—QUARRELS WITH THE ADMIRALTY—GOES TO COLLEGE.

At length, after thirteen months' cruise in the *Speedy*, the daring young officer and his little craft came to trouble. While on the way from Minorca to Gibraltar, diving into all the nooks and corners in search of adventures, he fell in with three large men-of-war. Resistance was useless, and the throwing overboard of guns and heavy stores did not lighten the *Speedy* sufficiently to enable her to escape. Cochrane surrendered to Captain Pallière of the *Dessaix*, on the 3d of July 1801. The French had long been in search of him as a most dangerous and daring man; and they were so glad at catching him, that they treated him with the greatest possible courtesy and respect. The detention was not of long duration, for an exchange of prisoners shortly afterwards took place.

Cochrane's exploits had certainly been remarkable. In thirteen months he had captured 50 vessels, 122 guns, and 534 prisoners. Commendation had of course been awarded to him more than once; but it is worthy of remark that, throughout his *Autobiography*, he complains of official persons as always doing something or other injurious or unfair towards him. Earl St Vincent, after commanding in the Mediterranean, was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; thus exchanging professional for political or governmental service. St Vincent and Keith had not been on cordial terms; Keith had been the friend of Cochrane; and the latter seems to have arrived by a sort of logic at the conclusion that the earl was unfavourable to him. Sir Alexander Cochrane, on behalf of his nephew, wrote to the earl, narrating the remarkable adventures of the *Speedy*, and soliciting the promotion of the young officer to the rank of captain—on the ground both of personal merit, and of the entire absence of fortune in the family. The solicited

rank was conferred on the 8th of August, a date which placed him lower in the list of captains than if the appointment had been dated from any one of the brilliant achievements which had gained him renown. This he attributed to 'some sinister influence at work.' When Cochrane became a captain, he wrote to Earl St Vincent three or four times, soliciting promotion for a gallant fellow-officer who had served well and faithfully under him in the *Speedy*. In one of these letters, while combating an unfavourable reply received from the earl, the hot and eager Cochrane incautiously touched upon a matter which had been much discussed among naval men. Sir John Jervis, in 1797, had won the great battle of St Vincent, thereby earning for himself a peerage and a pension of £3000 a year. It was contended, however, among the younger spirits of the navy, that the battle was really gained by the inshore squadron under Nelson, the commander-in-chief being merely a spectator, at a distance which involved the loss of only one man in his own ship. Cochrane owned, nearly sixty years afterwards, that it was an ill-timed matter for him to have touched upon, in writing to one who had commanded at St Vincent, and who then commanded at the Admiralty. At anyrate, he settled down into a conviction that spite and not justice dictated the conduct of the officials towards him. 'From the receipt of that letter, Earl St Vincent became my bitter enemy; and not only he, but his successors thought it incumbent on them to perpetuate his lordship's displeasure.'

The Admiralty, wearied with Cochrane's pertinacity, and perhaps irritated at his bold language, refused to give him another ship; and thus he was forced to retire on a naval captain's half-pay. How could he, a *lord* too, live upon that? He must do something; and so he thought of a parliamentary career. To 'expose the Admiralty' now seemed to be the strongest motive by which he was impelled. That the Admiralty needed exposure, as a preliminary to reform, is beyond all question; but there was a personal as well as a patriotic incentive on his part. Earl St Vincent and Lord Cochrane, unpleasantly as they were placed towards each other, thought alike on one subject—the monstrous corruption that at that time pervaded all the departments of the Admiralty. Any iniquity was connived at that would buy votes to the government in the House of Commons; and thus contractors and purveyors were permitted to rob the nation to an enormous extent. The First Lord had generally been a politician; St Vincent was a seaman; he took a seaman's view of these matters, and worked hard to bring about a more healthy state of things; but the other officials thwarted him; and thus his term of service at the Admiralty was one of much discomfort to him.

Now occurred an episode in Cochrane's career highly honourable to him. He went to Edinburgh towards the close of 1802, took cheap lodgings, entered the university ('an unusual spectacle for a post-captain fresh from the quarter-deck to enter himself as a

student among boys!'), worked hard at several studies which had been neglected in his early youth, and lived on his half-pay and the remains of his prize-money—waiting for some opportunity of getting elected to parliament, or else of getting command of a ship. Among the many remarkable features in Cochrane's life, this was certainly not the least so. A captain and a lord thus living and studying as a means of rising in the world, presents a picture worthy of respect, despite any shortcomings that may have marked his character. He and Lord Palmerston attended Dugald Stewart's lectures at the same time.

## SERVICES IN THE ARAB AND THE PALLAS: 1803—1806.

When the peace of Amiens was broken by renewed war with France in 1803, Lord Cochrane, thirsting for active life, applied again to the Admiralty. He met with difficulties, but at length obtained an appointment to the *Arab*. This proved to be an old collier brig, hastily purchased for any service she might be able to render. When ready, Cochrane made a cruise in the *Arab* round the Land's End, and then joined the Channel fleet. Bonaparte was at that time forming a flotilla of gun-boats with which to invade England, and at the same time collecting a fleet at Brest to make a feigned descent on Ireland. The *Arab* was found to be quite unfitted for watching the enemy at Boulogne; and Cochrane, much to his chagrin, was sent on a cruise to the Orkneys, where there was no probability of active service, and where his days wore away monotonously. His chafed spirit found utterance in such words as these: 'The Board had fairly caught me; but a more cruel order could not have been devised by official malevolence. It was literally naval exile in a tub, regardless of expense to the nation.' He clung to the notion that there was a spite against him at the Admiralty. His command of the *Arab* lasted from October 1803 to December 1804.

When Lord Melville succeeded Earl St Vincent at the Admiralty, he rejoiced Cochrane by placing him in command of the *Pallas*, a new frigate of thirty-two guns. This was the first and only occasion on which Cochrane availed himself of the system of impressment of seamen; he could not get a crew without it, just then; but he always hated the plan, as his *beau idéal* of a good seaman was one who would work willingly and heartily. The *Pallas* was sent on a short cruise to the Azores, during which it captured three Spanish merchantmen; the property found in them was very valuable, and Cochrane and his men obtained a large amount of prize-money. Among other articles were three golden candlesticks, which had been presented by the citizens of Mexico to some church in Spain, but had made the voyage across the Atlantic at an inauspicious period. Cochrane, who always had a love of oddity in his composition, stuck

these three golden candlesticks on the tops of the three masts of his ship, thereby greatly astonishing the people of Plymouth on his arrival there. Another of the captured ships contained several bales of 'pope's bulls, dispensations for eating meat on Fridays, and indulgences for peccadilloes of all kinds, with the prices affixed;' these he consigned to the waves; and they probably went to the bottom instead of reaching Mexico.

Now took place Cochrane's first adventure in the political world. A general election was at hand; and he, obtaining leave of absence, became a candidate for the borough of Honiton; but as he refused to bribe, the majority of the 'worthy and independent electors' refused to vote for him; and so he lost the election. He adopted a course, however, that throws a strange light on the maxims of political morality in those days. He sent ten guineas apiece to all the electors who had voted for him, not as a bribe for something to be done, but as a reward for something that had been done.

After this electioneering freak, Cochrane returned to the *Pallas*, and took charge of a convoy to Quebec on the 28th May 1805. On the voyage he nearly suffered shipwreck, by being thrown 13½° out of his reckoning, owing to a defect in the binnacle compass. He convoyed one fleet of merchantmen out, and another home, not much satisfied with this sleepy kind of work. He invented a ship's lamp, and told a story concerning it which shewed how rooted was his conviction that the 'people' at the Admiralty had declared perpetual war against him. He drew the attention of the authorities to his lamp, but without effect. 'Some few years afterwards, the clamour of shipowners compelled the Board to direct its attention to the subject; and, passing over my communications, they offered a reward of fifty pounds to the inventor of the most suitable for the purpose. On this, I directed my agent, Mr Brooks, to offer my lamp *in his own name*, feeling convinced that my connection with it would, if known, insure its rejection. He did so; and after repeated trials against others at Sheerness, Spithead, and St Helena, the fifty-pound prize was adjudged to Mr Brooks. The fact afterwards becoming known, *not a lamp was ever ordered*, and the merchantmen were left to the mercy of privateers, as before. I do not relate this anecdote as telling against the *directing* powers of the Admiralty; but with the *administrative* powers it was then and afterwards clearly a fixed rule that no invention of mine should be carried into effect.'

Early in 1806, Cochrane was ordered to join with the *Pallas* the squadron of Admiral Thornborough, to cruise off the French and Spanish coasts. Here his daring made itself as conspicuous as in the Mediterranean. He was always capturing vessels of some kind or other; terrifying the enemy with the audacity of his movements. No less than three large corvettes were run ashore by their captains, to afford escape for the crews; any one of which was powerful

enough to have overcome the *Pallas*, if the actual number of the men on board had been known. Cochrane followed Nelson's advice to 'go at them' without manœuvring; but he interpreted manœuvring to mean fixed and formal rules of strategy; he evidently delighted in all kinds of tricks and pranks to deceive the enemy as to his strength, plans, and movements. Again does Cochrane complain of the feeling entertained towards him by officials. He reported to Thornborough, Thornborough to St Vincent, and St Vincent to the Secretary of the Admiralty. St Vincent used these words: 'The gallant and successful exertions of the *Pallas* reflect very high honour on her captain, officers, and crew, and call for my warmest approbation.' This appeared to Cochrane as 'cold and reluctant praise,' and produced a renewal of his old complainings. On the 15th of May he made a daring attack on a frigate and three brigs: the *Minerve* of forty guns, and the *Lynx*, *Sylphe*, and *Palinure* of sixteen guns each. He inflicted terrible injury on the enemy; but captured nothing, and had his own ship nearly knocked to pieces. Cochrane notices a curious device adopted by the British government for addressing proclamations to the French people in spite of Bonaparte. Numerous small kites were constructed, to which were attached a number of proclamations printed in the French language. Cochrane was furnished with a supply of these; and his instructions were, to append a match to the kite-string, light it, and fly the kite over the land; when the match burnt the string, the kite fell, and the proclamations found their way (possibly) into the hands of country persons. What was the practical value of this scheme, we are not told.

## ENTERS PARLIAMENT—ADVOCATES REFORM OF ABUSES.

We now come to Cochrane's more decided and successful attempt to enter parliament. While the *Pallas* was being repaired after the hard knocks she had received, her captain entered the political arena. He organised a procession, himself in a coach-and-six, and numbers of his officers and men in coaches-and-four; and thus he entered to court the sweet smiles of the electors of Honiton. They remembered the gifts of ten guineas apiece, and in July 1806 they elected him as member for their borough. They then held out their hands for more gold; this he refused to give, but was in a manner compelled to provide an entertainment, which cost £1200. All this reads unpleasantly, but was thought nothing of in those days.

At length came the opportunity for which Cochrane had so long yearned—a fight with the Admiralty in the House of Commons. He made applications for Lieutenant Haswell of the *Pallas*, as he had before done for Lieutenant Parker of the *Speedy*; and as the Admiralty shewed no inclination to comply with his wishes, he threatened to bring the subject before the House of Commons. Both officers received promotion on the 15th of August, and Cochrane attributed

that to a wholesome terror of his threats; but he nevertheless complained that the promotions were not of such a kind as those officers merited.

His entry into parliament did not long interrupt his naval career. On the 23d of August 1806, he was appointed to the command of the *Impérieuse* frigate, and was allowed to take over with him his old familiar crew from the *Pallas*. The vessel was hastily fitted out for service and was sent to sea in a crank condition. As a consequence, Cochrane nearly ran ashore near Ushant, and thus nearly fell into the hands of the enemy—being unable to get the ship well under command. His office was to assist the blockading squadron then in the Basque Roads, on the western coast of France; and he was employed in little other than blockading during the remainder of the year, returning to Plymouth early in 1807.

Another chapter in Cochrane's political career now opened. Parliament was dissolved in April, and a general election ordered. Cochrane and his Honiton friends had not worked well together; they worried him with applications for places and recommendations, while he disappointed them by giving them neither places nor money. He resolved to try for the important city of Westminster, as a means of improving his personal position, and of strengthening his advocacy of naval reform in the House of Commons. There were five candidates: Lord Cochrane, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr Sheridan, Mr Eliot, and Mr Paul. After the usual amount of electioneering tactics, Cochrane was returned at the head of the poll, and Burdett as his colleague. Cochrane afterwards said: 'I must record it to the honour of my Westminster friends, that during my long connection with them no elector ever asked me to procure for himself or relatives a place under government; whilst the multitude of applications for place from my late constituents formed, as has been said, a source of intolerable annoyance.'

He did not long delay the unfurling of his flag as a reformer. On the 7th of July he moved a resolution for the appointment of a committee, to inquire how far any members of parliament, in themselves or their relations, were interested in any 'offices, posts, places, sinecures, pensions, situations, fees, perquisites, or emoluments,' at the public expense. In his speech, although not in his resolution, he plainly expressed his belief that votes had been bought on both sides of the House at the expense of the nation. The attempt was too bold to meet with much support; but the House appointed the committee, with a less formidable duty to fulfil. Cochrane believed that from that moment he became a man unacceptable to Whigs and Tories alike in parliament, as he had long been to the Admiralty; and on the same ground—namely, their dread of the troublesome pertinacity of any one who would insist on looking behind the scenes in search of abuses, with a view to their exposure. On the 10th of July he brought forward a motion on naval abuses; dwelling forcibly

on the need of reform in the management of ships and crews, founded on occurrences which had come within his own personal observation. He found little favour with the House generally, for his motion was negatived without a division.

## CRUISE IN THE IMPÉRIEUSE: 1807—1809.

Our hero still continued his curious alternation between politics and naval life—now going out to fight the French, now coming home to fight the officials. He received orders to join Lord Collingwood's fleet in the Mediterranean. He himself believed that the government hoped by that means to get rid of him from parliament; but whether such was the plan or not, the electors of Westminster retained him as their representative, giving him unlimited leave of absence.

On the 12th September 1807, the *Impérieuse* sailed from Portsmouth with a convoy of thirty-eight sail of merchantmen, and then to engage in active service against the enemy. Cochrane was indefatigable, sailing hither and thither throughout the Mediterranean, but without the command of a squadron. It would be useless to detail the services he rendered, in the Mediterranean, round the coast of Spain, and back again to the Mediterranean, during the later months of 1807 and the first half of 1808. He attacked the enemy wherever he saw them, unless when greatly superior in power to himself, and captured a large number of prizes.

A change of tactics occurred in June, owing to Spain having joined England in resisting France. Now, all the operations on the Spanish coast were to be of a friendly character, so far as they affected the Spaniards. Hence commenced the gigantic PENINSULAR WAR, one of the greatest in which England was ever engaged. Its exact date may be set down as the 6th of June 1808, when Napoleon proclaimed his brother Joseph 'King of Spain and the Indies,' and when the Junta, or Spanish parliament, repudiated Napoleon and Joseph alike.

Cochrane renewed his cruise in the *Impérieuse*, but this time his visits to the various towns on the Spanish coast were welcomed by the inhabitants, and he was *fêted* more than once at places where his guns and his prowess had shortly before been felt. Some of his operations on shore were of a remarkable kind. General Duhesme was near Barcelona with a French army; and Cochrane, whenever the slightest opportunity offered, landed his seamen and marines, and aided the Spaniards in checking the French—blocking up the roads along which they wished to pass; cutting off their supplies; and, in some instances, capturing small bodies of men with their guns. It was a sort of adventurous fighting in which he greatly delighted. *Among other instances* of this kind was the capture of the castle of *Mongat, an important* post completely commanding a pass on the

road from Gerona to Barcelona: he destroyed the castle, and took the French garrison prisoners on board his ship. Month after month were these operations continued. Cochrane was incessantly engaged on the coast of Spain, and on the French coast from thence to Marseille, harassing the French in every practicable way, capturing several prizes, and rendering himself the terror of the enemy. 'In these cruises,' he says, 'our greatest difficulty was to procure fresh water, which was only to be obtained on the enemy's coast; so that the men had frequently to be placed on short allowance. As we were now destitute of this necessary, I determined to run for the entrance of the Rhone, and fill up with water by a novel expedient. Our fore-topmast studding-sails were sewn up and converted into huge bags, nearly water-tight; these, as the water at the river's mouth was brackish, were sent in the boats higher up the stream to fill. The bags being there filled, were towed alongside the ship, and the water pumped as quickly as possible into the hold by means of the fire-engine—the operation being repeated until we had obtained a sufficient supply. Having thus replenished our water, we made an attempt to obtain fresh meat also at the enemy's expense. Whilst engaged in watering, a number of cattle had been observed grazing on the banks of the river, and a party was taken on shore to secure some. But this time circumstances were against us.

As has before been stated, when Cochrane was not engaged actively against the enemy, his thoughts recurred to the authorities at home, and his standing quarrel with them. Lord Collingwood thanked him for his singular and daring exertions on the Spanish and French coasts; but from the British government he obtained no thanks whatever, and the enterprise was not such as to bring much prize-money. Collingwood, in a dispatch to the Admiralty, declared his belief that Cochrane had 'prevented a body of French troops, which were intended for Figueras, from advancing into Spain, by giving them employment in defence of their own coasts.' Cochrane says that, in spite of this favourable notice from his commander, he obtained nothing in return but hatred from the corrupt British government, 'because I had connected myself with a Radical constituency, and had set up as a reformer of naval abuses.' Strong language this; but such abounds in his *Autobiography*. His anger with the home authorities, however, did not at all damp his appetite for attacking the enemy. He had an intense liking for the excitement of his adventurous life, and fought the French for the mere pleasure of doing it, irrespective of all chances of promotion or prize-money. In a contest on the coast, on the 15th November, an incident in gunnery of a very extraordinary kind occurred. The French fired a shot which entered the muzzle of one of Cochrane's guns just when *it* was being fired; the two balls were in the gun at one time, and, as a consequence, it burst. Later in the month, and early in December, Cochrane was engaged in a formidable attempt

to preserve the town of Rosas from falling into the hands of the French; he was engaged in operations on shore, as if he had been a military instead of a naval officer, especially in defending a castle from a skilfully conducted siege.

Lord Cochrane frequently consoled himself, under the influence of vexation at the conduct of the home authorities, by collecting the unbiassed opinions of disinterested persons. The following he stated to have been written by Sir Walter Scott, but he did not name the work from which the extract was taken: 'Lord Cochrane, during the month of September 1808, with his single ship the *Impérieuse*, kept the whole coast of Languedoc in alarm, destroyed the numerous semaphoric telegraphs, which were of the utmost consequence to the numerous coasting convoys of the French; and not only prevented any troops from being sent from that province into Spain, but even excited such dismay, that 2000 men were withdrawn from Figueras to oppose him, when they would otherwise have been marching farther into the Peninsula. The coasting-trade was entirely suspended during this alarm. Yet with such consummate prudence were all Lord Cochrane's enterprises planned and executed, that not one of his men was either killed or hurt, except one who was singed in blowing up a battery.'

The opening of the year 1809 found Cochrane still in command of the *Impérieuse*, and still cruising along the French and Spanish coasts of the Mediterranean. So incessant had been his exertions, that he longed now to have a sojourn at home. Still more did he long, as member of parliament for Westminster, to expose certain malversations which had come under his notice. There were establishments at the English stations in the Mediterranean called Admiralty Courts, where prizes were examined, and prize-money awarded. Against the practice of these courts he inveighed in very strong language. He asserted that the officials of those courts were reaping colossal fortunes at the expense of naval officers and seamen, who were wasting their lives and blood for official gain. To such an extent was this carried, that a ship captured without cargo never yielded a penny to the captors, the whole proceeds being swallowed up by the Admiralty Court. With cargo, some trifling surplus might remain; but what between pilfering and official fees, the award was hardly worth the trouble of capture. The effect of this upon the navy was most disastrous; and not upon the navy only, but upon the nation also, which had upwards of 1000 ships in commission, without any result at all commensurable with the expenditure. 'Captains were naturally disinclined to harass themselves and crews for nothing, and avoided making prizes certain to yield nothing but the risk and trouble of capture, and which, in addition, might bring them into debt, as was the result in my own *case*.' He adds: 'It will now be evident why I preferred harassing *the French army in* Spain to making prizes for the enrichment of

officials of the Maltese and other Admiralty Courts. It was always my aim to serve my country before my own interests; and in this case I judged it better to do so where the service could be most effectual.'

## SERVICES IN THE BAY OF BISCAY—STRUGGLE WITH LORD GAMBIER: 1809.

On arriving in England, instead of being allowed to resume parliamentary duties, Cochrane had a new service at sea marked out for him. A large French fleet, intended to operate against the British West India Islands, was blockaded by Lord Gambier in the Bay of Biscay. The Admiralty consulted Cochrane on the practicability of wholly destroying that fleet by means of fire-ships. He sketched a scheme which he thought would be effective, and the Admiralty accepted it; but it placed him in an anomalous position. He went out to join Gambier's fleet, ostensibly to command the fire-ships and explosion-ships which were to blow up the French fleet. It was a miserable arrangement; for all the admirals and captains in Gambier's fleet construed it into an indignity, that a new-comer should thus be placed over them in an enterprise of a daring and noteworthy kind. Cochrane had not sought the duty, and was thus, without his own intention or wish, placed on an unpleasant footing with other officers. Gambier was in the habit of distributing religious tracts among his crew. Cochrane injudiciously, as he afterwards admitted, sent some of these tracts to William Cobbett, who was a personal friend of his among the Radicals, together with sundry comments on the discipline and organisation of Gambier's ships. The use which Cobbett made of this information did not improve the state of matters between Cochrane and those around him. Proceeding with his duty of destroying, or endeavouring to destroy, the Brest fleet, Cochrane had an explosion-ship fitted under his own direction. 'The floor of the vessel was rendered as firm as possible, by means of logs placed in close contact, into every crevice of which other substances were firmly wedged, so as to afford the greatest amount of resistance to the explosion. On this foundation were placed a large number of spirit and water casks, into which 1500 barrels of powder were emptied. These casks were set on end, and the whole bound round with hempen cables, so as to resemble a gigantic mortar, thus causing the explosion to take an upward course. In addition to the powder-casks were placed several hundred shells, and over these again nearly 3000 hand-grenades; the whole, by means of wedges and sand, being compressed as nearly as possible into a solid mass. . . . The explosion-vessels were simply naval mines, the effect of which depended quite as much on their novelty as engines of war as upon their destructiveness. It was calculated that,

independently of any mischief they might do, they would cause such an amount of terror as to induce the enemy to run their ships ashore, as the only way to avoid them and save their crews.'

Armed with such dreadful engines of mischief, Gambier's fleet prepared to attack the French. Cochrane wished to attack on the 10th of April, directly the fire-ships were ready, and before the French became aware of their character; but Gambier insisted on delay; and the French were thus enabled to make defensive arrangements. Their fleet, under Admiral Allemand, was in Aix Roads, and consisted of 10 ships of the line, 4 frigates, and a store-ship. Allemand took in as much sail as possible, to avoid feeding the flame; and armed seventy-three boats and launches, whose duty would be to board and tow off the British fire-ships as they arrived. The frigates were placed half a mile in front of the line-of-battle ships; and a boom of great timbers, nearly half a mile in length, and presenting a right angle in the middle, was in front of the frigates. The islands of Aix, Oleron, &c., near the coast off Rochefort, aided by their fortifications the defence of the fleet. The British fleet was very large, consisting of 11 ships of the line, 7 frigates, 5 gun-brig sloops, 6 gun-brigs, 3 smaller vessels, and 23 fire-ships and explosion-vessels. Many an English sailor said, then and afterwards, that Nelson would have undertaken the work with a much smaller force than this; for it was larger than Allemand's, irrespective of the fire-ships and explosion-vessels.

The momentous attack was not followed with the hoped-for results. Cochrane, in an undaunted manner, fired off one of the explosion-ships with his own hand, when very near the French in a dark night, rowing out hastily in an open boat to get away before the fuse had reached the combustibles. 'For a moment, the sky was red with the lurid glare arising from the simultaneous ignition of 1500 barrels of powder. On this gigantic flash subsiding, the air seemed alive with shells, grenades, rockets, and masses of timber, the wreck of the shattered vessel; whilst the water was strewn with spars, shaken out of the boom.' In other quarters, however, the operations had not been very successful; of more than twenty fire-ships, only four reached the enemy's position, and not one did any damage. Cochrane bitterly complained of the way in which those fire-ships were handled; and then as bitterly complained that Gambier, who was with the fleet fourteen miles out at sea, did not come in to attack the French when their panic began at the explosion-ship. Cochrane telegraphed to Gambier over and over again, as soon as daylight came, by means of flag-signals, that most of the French ships could easily be captured. From this time ensued a series of cross-purposes. Gambier did not capture or destroy the French fleet, which Cochrane asserted could easily be done; and Cochrane was sent by his superior with dispatches to England, as if to get rid of him as a troublesome person.

Fifty-one years after this occurrence, Captain Hutchinson, who had been lieutenant of the *Valiant* at the time, wrote to the Earl of Dundonald, to confirm the earl's statements as to the events of the day, and to relate certain anecdotes which had come under his personal notice. The French fleet, it appears, was in a panic when Cochrane commenced his attack. They ran their ships on shore, and escaped in a fright. The French government afterwards admitted this to have been the case. 'There was one man, however,' Hutchinson said, 'who *did* remain when all the remainder of the crew had quitted. This was a quarter-master on board the *Ocean*, who, indignant at the cowardly desertion of the ships, hid himself when the crews were ordered to quit; and this was the salvation of that three-decker and two other ships, in an extraordinary way. A little midshipman belonging to one of our smaller vessels (I believe a brig) had been sent in a jolly-boat that night with a message to another ship, and having delivered it, instead of returning immediately to his own vessel, he proposed to his men to go and look at the French ships from which the crews had been seen to flee. His men of course were willing, and they approached cautiously very near to the three-decker (the night being very dark) before they could observe any stir on board or around her. They were then suddenly hailed by the quarter-master before mentioned with a loud "*Qui vive?*" (Who goes there?). Of course the poor little midshipman took it for granted that the ship was occupied by more than one man; and he hastily retreated, glad to escape capture himself. Had he known the truth, *that little midshipman, with his jolly-boat and four men, might have taken possession of a three-decker and two seventy-fours!*'*

Now occurred a crisis in Lord Cochrane's professional life. The ministers proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Gambier. Lord Cochrane threatened, as member for Westminster, to oppose it, on the ground that Gambier had effected nothing to deserve thanks, and that he had neglected to destroy the French fleet in Aix Roads. Lord Mulgrave tried to dissuade him from this, as a course inconsistent in a naval officer; but Cochrane contended that, as a member of the House of Commons, he had rights and duties which overrode all professional considerations, and which he would honestly use without regard to the personal consequences to himself. As soon as this intention became known, Lord Gambier demanded a court-martial. Two months elapsed before the court was held; but at length it commenced on the 26th July 1809, on board the *Gladiator*,

* The *Autobiography* which Lord Cochrane lived to write, in his green old age as Earl of Dundonald, was the means of bringing to light many such curious anecdotes as the above, which would else have possibly been lost to the world. After the publication of the first volume in 1860, he received numerous communications from aged naval officers: many of which, including the above, were printed in the second volume. Half a century had not blunted the memory of the veterans.

at Portsmouth. The court-martial, after a nine days' trial, acquitted Lord Gambier; but it was six months later before the vote of thanks was moved and carried in the Commons.

Few things are more remarkable than the immense space of time which elapsed before Lord Cochrane was placed right with the public on this and other subjects. Had he not lived to a patriarchal age, he would not have had the pleasure of seeing justice rendered to himself. Certain charts, concerning which we need not weary the reader, were necessary to prove whether Gambier or Cochrane was more in the right concerning the famous affair in the Aix Roads. These charts were in the possession of the Admiralty; but for *more than half a century* he was not permitted to have a sight of them; when they *did* come to light, they supported the assertions which he had made in 1809. Writing as a white-haired old man in 1860, he said that, in 1859 and 1860, he had applied to two successive First Lords of the Admiralty, Sir John Pakington and the Duke of Somerset, for permission to inspect charts at the Admiralty; that the permission had been courteously given; that he there found the evidence for which he had been applying half a century in vain; and then he added: 'It will in the present day be difficult to credit the existence of such practices and evil influences of party-spirit in past times, as could permit an administration, even for the purpose of preserving the *prestige* of a government, to claim as a glorious victory a neglect of duty which, to use the mildest terms, was both a naval and a national dishonour.'

To return to the events of 1809. 'From this time forward,' said the Earl of Dundonald in 1860—that is, from the date when Lord Gambier was acquitted by the court-martial—'I never trod the deck of a British ship-of-war at sea, as her commander, till *thirty-nine* years afterwards, when I was appointed by her present Most Gracious Majesty to command the West India squadron.' Thirty-nine years of enforced absence from British sea-life for such a man! It was almost tantamount to taking away from him the very air he breathed. Cochrane was evidently much out of favour in official quarters; and he made another attempt to agitate for naval reform in the House of Commons. When a vote of thanks to Gambier was proposed, in April 1810, Cochrane moved as an amendment that the minutes of the court-martial should be produced, in order to shew that the acquittal was contrary to the evidence; but the House rejected the amendment, and passed the vote of thanks.

## MISCELLANEOUS PROCEEDINGS: 1809—1813.

Just about that time, a military and naval expedition to Walcheren was much talked of, to capture and destroy the French fleet in the Scheldt, and to destroy Bonaparte's arsenals at Flushing, Antwerp, and Termeuge. It was to be one of the largest armaments ever

sent forth from England, and was to be commanded by the Earl of Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan.* If this were the proper place, we might notice one of the most disastrous and humiliating defeats ever borne by Englishmen, through the incompetence of their rulers and commanders; but we have only to do with it so far as concerned Lord Cochrane. He sketched a plan for destroying the enemy's works and fleets, and sent it to the Admiralty; but not only was his plan refused; he himself was forbidden to join the expedition, the *Impérieuse* being placed under another officer. Forty thousand troops, 35 sail-of-the-line, 23 frigates, and nearly 200 smaller vessels, made a miserable business of the Walcheren expedition. What would have been the result had Cochrane joined it, cannot of course be said, though the probability is that he would have fallen again into disfavour by commenting freely on the incapacity of his superiors.

Deprived of active duties at sea, Cochrane entered the arena of politics. He joined Sir Francis Burdett and Major Cartwright in the advocacy of parliamentary reform, and became an extreme Radical, according to the views of those days—although he lived to see such radicalism recognised and advocated by large majorities in the House of Commons. This is one of the many matters on which the venerable Earl of Dundonald lived to see justice done to the dashing and impetuous Lord Cochrane—the same man under two different aspects, fifty years apart. He succeeded on one occasion in inducing the House to inquire into the misdoings of the several Admiralty Courts. On another occasion he defended the privilege of liberty of speech, which had been placed in danger by the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower. On a third occasion he attacked the monstrous system on which pensions were given, not according to merit, but according to parliamentary influence. The pensions given to meritorious officers who had lost limbs in the service, were as nothing compared to those given in other ways. There were, too, sinecure offices in those days which *now* we look at with astonishment. Lords Arden, Camden, and Buckingham all held sinecure posts which brought them in more than £20,000 a year each. Cochrane's mode of stating these facts, in a speech in the House on the 11th of May 1810, was amusing as well as startling: '32 flag-officers, 22 captains, 50 lieutenants, 180 masters, 36 surgeons, 23 pursers, 91 boatswains, 97 gunners, 202 carpenters, and 41 cooks, in all 774 persons, cost the country £4028 less than the net proceeds of the sinecures of Lords Arden, Camden, and Buckingham. All

* A pungent satire on these two officers, relating to their dilatory and ill-organised proceedings, was put forth by a witty writer of the period:

'The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham.'

the superannuated admirals, captains, and lieutenants put together have but £1012 more than Earl Camden's sinecure alone. All that is paid to the wounded officers of the whole British navy, and to the wives and children of those dead or killed in action, do not amount by £214 to as much as Lord Arden's sinecure alone. What is paid to the mutilated officers themselves is but half as much. Should 31 commissioners, commissioners' wives, and clerks, have £3899 more amongst them than all the wounded officers of the navy of England? I find, upon examination, that the Wellesleys receive from the public £34,729, a sum equal to 426 *pair of lieutenants' legs*, calculated at the rate of allowance of Lieutenant Chambers's legs. Calculating for the pension of Captain Johnstone's arm, Lord Arden's sinecure is equal to the value of 1022 captains' arms. Two of these comfortable sinecures would victual the officers and men serving in all the ships in ordinary in Great Britain—namely, 117 sail of the line, 105 frigates, 27 sloops, and 50 hulks. Three of them would maintain the dock-yard establishments at Portsmouth and Plymouth.'

Such curious political arithmetic as this was of course very distasteful to official persons generally; and Cochrane fell more and more out of favour. The *Impérieuse* obtained another commander, and he was left at home in idleness.

In 1811, Cochrane went to Malta, to investigate the conduct of the Admiralty Court there. The oddity of his character here again appeared. He wished to get hold of a 'table of fees,' to ascertain whether the court was legally justified in claiming the enormous fees charged for adjudicating in matters of prize-money. The existence of such a table was either denied or evaded. 'As by act of parliament, they ought to have been hung up in the court, I made careful search for them, but without success. Entering the judge's robing-room unopposed, I there renewed the search, but with no better result, and was about to return table-less; when, having been directed to a private closet, I examined that also, and there, wafered up behind the door of the judge's retiring-chamber, was the Admiralty Court table of fees! which I carefully took down, and re-entered the court, in the act of folding up the paper, previously to putting it in my pocket.' He at once sent off the paper to England, there to be brought before the notice of the House of Commons. The Malta authorities, finding what had been done, imprisoned him, and endeavoured to convict him of robbery. He contrived, in a strange way, to escape from them, and from the island, glad at anyrate to be able to send to England a document which he felt certain would not bear the test of proper examination.

In the following year (1812), Cochrane's inventive mind conceived the plan of a tremendous system of naval warfare, the nature of which was kept a profound secret, lest it should come to the knowledge of the enemy. He brought it before the notice of the Prince Regent; and a committee of officers was appointed to investigate its merits.

The inventions were declared to be of a most destructive nature, but nothing was resolved on concerning their immediate use. Lord Cochrane faithfully kept to his determination, as a British subject, not to make a profit of his invention, by selling it to the enemy; he kept his secret through all the miseries and disappointments of subsequent years. At various times between 1812 and 1856, these projects of Lord Cochrane's were brought directly or indirectly under public notice. Many persons doubted the efficacy of the plans; many disliked them because of the hideous destruction they would produce; and nearly all admired the firmness of the inventor, in keeping the plans for the use of his own country alone. To this day the nature of the plans is only known to a very few officers. During the Crimean war, the name of 'Dundonald' was frequently appended to letters in the public journals, urging the adoption of his schemes for the destruction of the Russian fleets at Sebastopol and Cronstadt; but the plans, whatever they may be, have never yet been put in execution. Nothing can exceed the positiveness with which the Earl of Dundonald in his *Autobiography* asserts the power of his project to work any assignable amount of injury on an enemy. 'These plans,' he says, 'afford the infallible means of securing at one blow our maritime superiority, and of thereafter maintaining it in perpetuity—of at once commencing and terminating war by one conclusive victory. A hundred millions employed in war could not complete the ruin of our maritime opponents so effectually as could be done by the simple methods indicated in my plans; and that too in spite of the apparently formidable fortifications and other defences of ports and roadsteads.' All this reads incredible; but the old man never swerved for forty years in maintaining that such would be the practical effects of his mysterious agency.

Until now, Lord Cochrane had remained unmarried; but before the close of the year, he married a lady without fortune, Miss Katherine Corbett Barnes. One of his uncles, the Honourable Basil Cochrane, who had amassed a large fortune in the East Indies, had planned a marriage for him with the daughter of an official of one of the Admiralty Courts. Now, against Admiralty Courts he had been waging war for nearly twenty years; and he argued that if he married into that circle, the world would say he had done it to curry favour with his wealthy uncle. Cochrane here displayed the same obstinate originality as in so many other events of his life; he married the lady he had chosen, rejected the lady whom his uncle had chosen, and was at once cut off from any participation in his uncle's fortune. It was a happy step, however; for in his old age he declared the greatest treasure of his life had been the wife thus acquired.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE FRAUD—COCHRANE'S DISGRACE: 1814.

Passing over the year 1813, during which Cochrane was busily but unsuccessfully engaged in advocating naval and other kinds of reform, we come to 1814, the most miserable year in the life of this remarkable man; a year marked by an incident in every way extraordinary—the *Great Stock Exchange Fraud*. About midnight on the 20th February, a person calling himself Colonel de Bourg, aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart, presented himself at the *Ship Hotel* at Dover, representing that he was the bearer of intelligence from Paris to the effect that Bonaparte had been killed by the Cossacks—that the allied armies were in full march for Paris—and that immediate peace was certain. After this announcement, he forwarded similar intelligence by letter to the port-admiral at Deal, with a view, as was supposed, of its being forwarded to London by telegraph; thus making the port-admiral the medium of communication with the government. The report was wholly false, and most unquestionably got up to influence the prices of funds on the Stock Exchange. It succeeded. The news spread like wildfire. Every one was rejoiced that the arch-enemy of European peace was at length dead; and the funds went up rapidly. The very next authentic dispatches from the continent, however, made known the fact that Bonaparte was *not* dead; and then those who had bought in at high prices bitterly complained of the fraud, to investigate which the Stock Exchange appointed a committee.

Such was the fraud. The two facts which came out as affecting Cochrane were—that one of his uncles made an enormous sum of money by it; and that the man who had disseminated the rumour was seen to enter Cochrane's house. Cochrane, in an affidavit afterwards made public, thus narrated all he knew on the subject. On the morning in question he breakfasted with his uncle, Mr Cochrane Johnstone, and went with him into the City. While there, a note came, requesting him to come home immediately. On returning, he found one Captain Berenger waiting for him. The captain, who was known to him, pleaded great distress, and earnestly entreated Cochrane to take him out with him in the *Tonnant*, to which Cochrane had just been appointed. Cochrane lent him a coat and hat, to enable him to make a visit where he said a military uniform would be inconsistent; and he then left the house in a coach. This Berenger appears to have been the man who originated the false rumours at Dover; and it also appears that his visit to Cochrane was made simply to aid his own escape from detection, regardless of consequences to his lordship.

The subject created an immense sensation. As De Bourg, or rather Berenger, had unquestionably been seen to enter Cochrane's

house on the morning after the origination of the rumour, and as the uncle unquestionably realised a large sum of money by the fraud, the evidence looked so black as to lead to the trial of Cochrane. This trial was conducted by Lord Chief-justice Ellenborough, in a manner which has been severely commented on by later judges. His bias against the accused was evident from the first; and his charge to the jury led to the conviction of Lord Cochrane, with a fine, an imprisonment, and a condemnation to stand in the pillory. This was followed by his expulsion from the House of Commons—altogether a bitter ordeal for such a man as Cochrane.

There is no doubt now in the mind of any one that he was guiltless of participation in the fraud, although his uncle was guilty. For the first and only time, an English chief-justice was at the same time a cabinet minister; and the mode in which Lord Ellenborough made the second of these two offices affect his decision in the first, has met with severe condemnation. Lord Brougham and the late Lord Campbell endorsed this opinion. The latter, in his *Lives of the Chief-justices*, said that Ellenborough was blamed, 'not only by the vulgar, but by men of education on both sides in politics; and he found upon entering society and appearing in the House of Lords that he was looked upon coldly. Having now some misgivings himself as to the propriety of his conduct in this affair, he became very wretched. . . . . In obedience to the public voice, the part of his (Cochrane's) sentence by which he was to stand in the pillory was remitted by the crown; and a bill was introduced into parliament altogether to abolish the pillory as a punishment, on account of the manner in which the power of inflicting it had been recently abused. It was said that these matters preyed deeply on Lord Ellenborough's mind and affected his health. Henceforth, he certainly seemed to have lost the gaiety of heart for which he had before been remarkable.'

It was a sad picture. The brilliant Lord Cochrane sentenced to pay a fine of £1000, to be imprisoned in the Marshalsea for twelve months, and to be placed in the pillory for an hour in front of the Royal Exchange! The last part of the sentence was, as we have seen, rescinded; but the fine was paid, and the imprisonment suffered. Nor was this all. He was expelled from the House of Commons, from the Navy List, and from the order of the Bath—all for an offence which, it is now universally believed, he did not commit! He lived forty-five years longer to see his good name restored to him; but no tongue can tell what his gallant spirit suffered during this interval. The electors of Westminster, refusing to believe in his guilt, re-elected him; but as he was a prisoner, he could not take his seat in the House. The Bank of England retains as a curiosity the £1000 note with which Cochrane paid the fine, and on which he wrote the following words: 'My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being

resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I shall live to bring the delinquents to justice.' This was written in July 1815, after a year's imprisonment.

## COMMANDS THE CHILI FLEET: 1817—1823.

There then occurred two years of enforced idleness. The vigorous and daring Cochrane found nothing to occupy his fertile mind, because the navy was cruelly closed against him. At length, however, about the middle of 1817, the heroic naval commander was called to a new scene. Chili, having thrown off its allegiance to Spain, and finding it needful to defend its liberties by sea as well as by land, offered to Lord Cochrane the command of such a fleet as it could manage to get together. Cochrane was at once appointed Vice-admiral of Chili, Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the naval forces of the republic. The Chilian fleet was certainly a small one, comprising only the *O'Higgins*, 50 guns; *San Martin*, 56; *Lantaro*, 48; *Chacabuco*, 20; *Galvarino*, 18; and *Araucano*, 16. Two of the ships were traders, hastily mounted with guns.

Our hero's four years of service in Chili were years of activity and brilliant enterprise. Just as he was leaving Valparaiso to commence operations against the Spaniards, he received an unexpected volunteer in the person of his first-born, a child of five years old, who had made his escape from his mother, and appeared mounted on the shoulders of a lieutenant, waving his little cap and shouting: '*Viva la patria!*' Nothing would satisfy him but accompanying his father, which he accordingly did. Cochrane's first plans, in the early part of 1819, were frustrated by the fogs which so often prevail along that coast, and which he had not yet learned to understand. During a skirmish in the harbour of Callao, the child Cochrane, the boy-volunteer, was locked into the cabin, to keep him out of the way of harm; but not liking the confinement, he contrived to scramble out of the quarter-galley window, and joined his father on the deck. The men then dressed him in a miniature uniform which they had made for him; and he felt proud to employ himself in handing powder to the gunners. Whilst thus employed, a round shot took off the head of a marine standing close to the child; the father was in agony for a moment, but the little fellow ran up to him, crying: 'I am not hurt, papa; the shot did not touch me: Jack says the ball is not made that can kill mamma's boy!' This was indeed a 'chip of the old block.'

Cochrane's first attack had failed from various causes; but the Spaniards now knew, from the daring way in which it was made, that the terrible Englishman was near them; and ever afterwards they called him *El Diabolo*. The Spanish fleet in those waters consisted of the *Esmeralda*, 44 guns; *Venganza*, 42; *Sebastiana*, 28;

*Maypen*, 18; *Pezuela*, 22; *Potrilla*, 18; a schooner; seven armed merchantmen; and twenty-seven gun-boats. This force was very much larger than Cochrane's; but in such disparity he took positive delight. Very early in his operations, he had been able to liberate, in the small island of San Lorenzo, thirty-seven Chilian soldiers who had been imprisoned by the Spaniards for seven years; they had been forced to work in chains, and at night were chained by the leg to an iron bar in a filthy shed. Cochrane established a laboratory in San Lorenzo; and while rockets and fire-ships were being prepared there, he sailed hither and thither, capturing treasure-ships belonging to the Spaniards, and intercepting treasure-trains inland. While these things were doing, Lady Cochrane, who had taken up her abode in a villa outside Valparaiso, was attacked one night by a Spaniard, who threatened her with instant death unless she revealed the secret orders which had been given to her husband by the government. This she heroically refused to do: she was stabbed with a stiletto; and her life was saved only by the prompt attendance of servants, who secured the would-be assassin.

In September 1819, Cochrane set forth to attack Callao, the seaport of Peru. His squadron consisted of seven vessels, with two fire-ships, and four hundred soldiers to act as marines. On the 30th he entered the bay. He sent a flag of truce, challenging the viceroy of Peru to fight him, ship for ship; which challenge was of course prudently declined. Rafts were made to serve as rocket-rafts and mortar-rafts; but Cochrane was put to many shifts for want of efficient stores, and his first attack with rockets failed on this account. Nor did the fire-ships answer his purpose much more completely. To add to his vexation, a treasure-ship contrived to elude the attention of some of his cruisers, and to enter Callao safely with treasure to the value of half a million sterling. Cochrane, postponing a further attack on Callao for a time, steered to Pisco, where was a well-appointed Spanish force of one thousand men, supported on their right by a fort on the sea-shore. The marines under him stormed the fort and defeated the Spaniards in a very gallant way. Early in 1820, Cochrane conceived the daring plan of carrying Valdivia by storm. Circumstances beyond his own control had checked him at Callao; and he now resolved on something after his own heart. 'Cool calculation,' he said to General Miller, 'would make it appear that the attempt to take Valdivia is madness. This is one reason why the Spaniards will hardly believe us in earnest, even when we commence; and you will see that a bold onset, and a little perseverance afterwards, will give a complete triumph; for operations unexpected by the enemy are, when well executed, almost certain to succeed, whatever may be the odds; and success will preserve the enterprise from the imputation of rashness.' He was right. He had with him only a frigate, a schooner, and a brig. On the way, he narrowly escaped shipwreck in the frigate,

and only kept the vessel afloat by continual pumping—Cochrane repairing the pumps with his own hands. Valdivia, a noble harbour, was defended by a chain of nine Spanish forts; each fort had a ditch and rampart; and the whole mounted 118 guns, manned by 1600 troops. This was indeed a formidable place to attack with three small ships. The forts were, however, much isolated, with very indifferent passages between them; this led Cochrane and Miller to attack them singly, which was done with astonishing success. In truth, the Spaniards were so dismayed at the audacity of the attempt on the night of the 3d of February, that they failed to make due resistance; fort after fort fell to the invaders; and on the 5th, Valdivia, with the whole of the forts, surrendered to Cochrane. Large quantities of stores were captured, as well as much treasure.

When Cochrane returned to Valparaiso from Valdivia, the populace greeted him with enthusiasm, but the ministers of the republican government harassed him; for there was a clique against the great Englishman. The government, too, were desperately selfish; he obtained no reward; and his gallant men were left almost in rags, without pay or prize-money. Numberless difficulties impeded his path; and it was only by threats to resign that he could obtain any attention to the wants of the fleet. When these difficulties were surmounted, he set off once again, to assist in rescuing Peru from the Spaniards. Unfortunately, General San Martin, who commanded the military portion of the expedition, was wedded to his own plans, which clashed with Cochrane's; and, as a consequence, much precious time was lost. Cochrane occupied the dismal period with capturing the *Esmeralda*, a frigate lying under a fort defended by 300 guns. His manner of effecting this, by boats' crews rowed along silently on a dark night, was worthy of the man who had achieved such things in the Mediterranean. Month after month followed, in which Cochrane's prowess was repeatedly exhibited, to the discomfiture of the Spaniards. But all his larger plans were thwarted by San Martin, who was secretly planning to carve out a new republic for himself.

In 1821, while Cochrane was thus engaged, Lady Cochrane, who had won the hearts of the Chilians by her mingled grace and spirit, returned to England, to defend her husband from a new persecution intended for him. This was in the form of a Foreign Enlistment Act, the clauses of which were especially aimed at those who had engaged in a service that had for its object the expulsion of Spain from her American colonies.

The ending of Lord Cochrane's career in Chili was not such as his high and generous spirit had anticipated. He was surrounded by men who looked rather to their own interests than to the welfare of their country. San Martin contrived to make himself dictator or president of Peru, and then disavowed all obligations to Chili and to Cochrane, whose seamen and marines were reduced to the utmost

want. Cochrane, almost maddened by what was going on around him, seized a treasure-ship belonging to the government of San Martin, with nearly three hundred thousand dollars on board, and paid his poor fellows their wages out of it, as well as supplying them with necessaries. He kept a strict account of these transactions, to render to the Chilian government.

## COMMANDS THE BRAZILIAN AND GREEK FLEETS: 1823—1827.

Tired out, and left almost unrewarded for his exertions, Lord Cochrane quitted the service of Chili in 1823. For *sixteen years* he endeavoured to obtain restitution of prize-money which had been unjustly withheld from him and his officers; but he never obtained it. He turned his attention to Brazil, which was at that time endeavouring to throw off the yoke of Portugal. Dom Pedro had assumed the title of Emperor of Brazil; and to enable him to contend against a force sent from Lisbon, he invited Lord Cochrane to take command of the young Brazilian navy. This consisted of the *Pedro Primeiro* (64 guns), *Maria de Gloria* (32), *Piranza* frigate, and two or three small vessels. The crews were men of all nations and colours, badly disciplined and worse paid; insomuch that Cochrane, 'First Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the Brazilian Squadron,' had to look forward to hard and troublesome work. The Portuguese fleet opposed to him comprised a line-of-battle ship, five frigates, five corvettes, a brig, and a schooner. On the 3d of July, he gave chase to thirteen Portuguese war-ships, in the *Pedro* alone; and on the same night, after dark, he made a dash in among them, firing both broadsides. He then boarded some of the smaller ships, cut away their topmasts, disabled their rigging, threw their arms overboard, and compelled their officers to give their parole not to serve against Brazil until regularly exchanged. These were the kind of exploits which rendered him the Nelson of his day, and struck terror into his opponents. When he returned to Rio Janeiro, in November 1823, he was received with transports of enthusiasm; the emperor visited him personally on board the *Pedro*, and created him Marquis of Maranham. Cochrane's old luck attended him, however. During the whole of 1824 and 1825, he was contending against the authorities, who persisted in withholding prize-money from him and his men; the young emperor was well disposed towards him, but he could not make head against the officials who held the keys of the government. It would be sickening to detail all the machinations of the period. Suffice it to say that, after having achieved the liberation of Brazil, he was got rid of, and never to the day of his death received what was his due.

His services still being ignored by the government of his native country, Lord Cochrane, unable to live a life of inglorious ease, threw his sword once again into the scale of national freedom.

Greece was at that time struggling to throw off the yoke of Turkey. It was very poor, and could not offer many inducements; but Lord Cochrane determined to offer his aid in spite of its poverty. Repeated applications had been made to him, and he accepted the command of the Greek navy—a navy *to be*, but not yet in existence. It was not till February 1827 that Cochrane found himself at the head of a small squadron in the Greek waters; but so miserably were affairs managed in the new state, that he found himself nearly powerless; and he shortly afterwards left the Greeks to achieve their own independence by themselves, which they did.

## RESTORATION TO RANK AND HONOURS: 1830—1860.

We now come to the end of the *active* life of this extraordinary man. He had got a little past the age of fifty; he had thirty-five more years of life in him, but during those thirty-five years he never drew a sword in actual warfare. A brighter though quieter time was coming for him. He had fought brilliantly for England, for Chili, for Peru, for Brazil, for Greece, and yet how strange had been his reward! Gradually the stain on his good name was removed in his native country; but it took long to accomplish this. After returning from Greece, Cochrane remained quiet in England, living on such fortune as he had been able to acquire. In 1831, his father died, and he then became Earl of Dundonald—an honoured but poor title, for estates there were none. William IV. was at that time king. He was among those who believed that Cochrane, innocent of the Stock Exchange fraud, had been cruelly treated by his native country; and the 'sailor king' was anxious to testify his good opinions of his brother-sailor. In a country like England, however, the sovereign cannot do much without the official sanction of his ministers; and it was only by slow steps that the great sea-captain had justice meted out to him. In 1832 a free pardon was granted to him under the Great Seal, in reference to the crime for which he had been convicted eighteen years before, but which the world *now* believes he never committed. His name was next replaced upon the Navy List, and he was made an admiral—to the great joy of the nation generally, among whom he had always been a favourite. It was contended by many that this reappointment and promotion ought to have been accompanied by the payment of captain's half-pay for eighteen years; but this was more than the government thought proper to accede to. Years rolled on, and Admiral the Earl of Dundonald remained with his family in England; there were no English wars to call for his sword; and his position as a flag-officer in the British navy precluded his acceptance of any adventurous services for other nations, even if any such had been suggested. In 1841 the Admiralty—from which his old enemies had died off or had retired—granted him the good-service

pension of £300 a year. In 1847 he was restored to the order of the Bath, from which he had been so cruelly removed thirty-three years before; and not restored merely, but graced with the higher rank of K.G.C., instead of his former rank of simply K.B. In 1848 he received the appointment of naval commander-in-chief of the North American and West India stations—a high and honourable command, and one of the most trustworthy which the government had to bestow. This service, of three years' duration, involved no fighting, but called for administrative tact and professional knowledge, combined with a hearty love for everything which tended to the welfare of the navy. In 1854 he was made Rear-admiral of England, with an additional salary of £342 per annum. A few years after this, Queen Victoria ordered the restoration of his knightly bearings in Henry VII.'s Chapel—the banner, the brass plate containing his lordship's arms, the helmet, the crest, the mantling, the sword—all, which the King at Arms had torn down so many years before, were now restored.

Let us understand the significancy of the proceedings noticed in the last paragraph. They were virtually the homage paid by the national government to an injured man. When a jury has given a verdict, and a judge has passed sentence, it is an awkward thing for the government to disavow the proceedings; but public men, of all ranks and parties, had gradually come to the conclusion that an immense injustice had been done; and they were all willing that the Earl of Dundonald should receive some reparation for the ill rendered to him as Lord Cochrane. Happily for him, he lived to see this restitution.

The Earl of Dundonald retained his faculties in vigour to the last. In 1855, when eighty years of age, he entered eagerly into the discussions concerning the possibility of destroying the Russian fleets and forts by means of new and formidable explosive agents.

## DEATH AND FUNERAL.

He died on the 30th October 1860, having nearly completed his eighty-fifth year. His death was not so painless as his friends could have wished, for he had in his old age undergone two operations for lithotomy. It was worthy of the authorities and the nation to deposit his remains in Westminster Abbey, by the side of so many other gallant members of the public service. He was buried on the 14th of November. There assembled round his grave many whose names are dear to all of us, headed by the venerable Lord Brougham. The Admiralty, which had long before ill-used him, was represented by many gallant officers; and Chili and Brazil, which had made him an ungrateful return for invaluable services, were represented by the ministers of those nations at the court of St James's.

Thus died a great sea-captain an ardent lover of liberty, an

indomitable opposer of official corruption at all times and places, a friend of seamen and of everything that could tend to seamen's welfare, an acute inventor of mechanical and chemical appliances, and a warm-hearted and generous man in all the relations of life. His unhesitating audacity often brought him into troubles which he might easily have avoided; but it resulted from a firm reliance on the honesty of his own intentions. A journal whose vocation is to supply weekly budgets of fun and frolic, but whose pages have been open to the pathos of Thomas Hood and other noble spirits, gave some stanzas of burning eloquence to the memory of Dundonald. Let us transcribe three of the earlier and four of the later of these stanzas:

'A sea-king, whose fit place had been by Blake,
Or our own Nelson, had he been but free
To follow glory's quest upon the sea,
Leading the conquered navies in his wake.

A captain, whom it had been ours to cheer
From conquest on to conquest, had our land
But set its wisest, worthiest in command,
Not such as hated all the good revere.

We let them cage the lion while the fire
In his high heart burnt clear and unsubdued;
We let them stir that frank and forward mood
From greatness to the self-consuming ire.

* * * *

He came
Back to his England, bankrupt, save of praise,
To eat his heart, through weary, wishful days,
And shape his strength to bearing of his shame.

Till, slow but sure, drew on a better time,
And statesmen owned the check of public will;
And, at the last, light pierced the shadow chill
That fouled his honour with the taint of crime.

And then they gave him back the knightly spurs
Which he had never forfeited—the rank
From which he ne'er by ill-deserving sank,
More than the lion sinks for yelp of curs.

Justice had lingered on its road too long:
The lion was grown old; the time gone by,
When for his aid we vainly raised a cry,
To save our flag from shame, our decks from wrong.'

# ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

THE dog has not inaptly been described as a gift of Providence to man—an aid almost indispensable for his conquest and management of the lower animals. Unlike other creatures, he voluntarily abandons the companionship of his own species, becomes a deserter from their camp, and, enlisting himself as a humbler member of human society, is found a willing and loving servant, the companion and friend of his master. Unlearned in virtue or any of the ordinary actions which command popular approbation, the dog, from the prompting of his own feelings alone, practises the most perfect integrity. Uncalculating as regards his own comfort or convenience, he is found adhering to his master through all shades of fortune, even unto disgrace, penury, and want; nor will any temptation make him abandon the fond and stricken object of his undying affection. A long course of domestication and peculiar treatment have, as is well known, divided the canine race into nearly a hundred varieties, all less or more distinct as respects size, appearance, and special qualities and dispositions; yet no kind of cultivation has altered, nor can misusage obliterate, the leading features of the animal. The character of the dog for tractability, attachment,

general docility to his master's interest, and benevolence, remains the same. In all ages and countries, therefore, has this remarkable animal been cherished for his services; and these, in a rude state of society, are so essential to personal enjoyment, that the happiness of a future state of existence has been supposed to be incomplete without them.

'Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky-way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heaven;
Some safer world, in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island, in the watery waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold;
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company!'

The admirable quality of inflexible attachment has rendered dogs the familiar and esteemed companions of men of the highest attainments and rank. Emperors, prelates, statesmen, judges, men of all ranks and professions, and, it may be added, ladies of the highest fashion, have been gratified by their companionship. The late Lord Eldon had a small dog, Pincher, which he highly valued, and pensioned at his decease. Scott was immoderately fond of dogs—one in particular, a stag-hound, called Maida, being the constant companion of his rambles. Byron, likewise, if we may judge from the following lines, supposed to be inscribed on the monument of a Newfoundland dog, must have entertained a kindly feeling towards these animals:

'When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes, for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
O man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power;

Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust; thy friendship, all a cheat;
Thy smiles, hypocrisy; thy words, deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise;
I never knew but one—and here he lies.'

## PERSONAL ATTACHMENT.

The attachment of the dog to his master becomes a ruling passion, and, united with a retentive memory, has led to some remarkable disclosures of crime. We are told by Plutarch of a certain Roman slave in the civil wars, whose head nobody durst cut off, for fear of the dog that guarded his body, and fought in his defence. It happened that King Pyrrhus, travelling that way, observed the animal watching over the body of the deceased; and hearing that he had been there three days without meat or drink, yet would not forsake his master, ordered the body to be buried, and the dog preserved and brought to him. A few days afterwards there was a muster of the soldiers, so that every man was forced to march in order before the king. The dog lay quietly by him for some time; but when he saw the murderers of his late owner pass by, he flew upon them with extraordinary fury, barking, and tearing their garments, and frequently turning about to the king; which both excited the king's suspicion, and the jealousy of all who stood about him. The men were in consequence apprehended, and though the circumstances which appeared in evidence against them were very slight, they confessed the crime, and were accordingly punished.

An old writer mentions a similar case of attachment and revenge which occurred in France in the reign of Charles V. The anecdote has been frequently related, and is as follows: A gentleman named Macaire, an officer of the king's body-guard, entertained, for some reason, a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubry de Montdidier, his comrade in service. These two having met in the Forest of Bondy, near Paris, Macaire took an opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother-officer, and buried him in a ditch. Montdidier was unaccompanied at the moment, excepting by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. It is not known whether the dog was muzzled, or from what other cause it permitted the deed to be accomplished without its interference. Be this as it might, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise. It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubry de Montdidier's dearest friends, where

it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased, the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till at last the curiosity of those who saw its movements was excited, and it was resolved to follow the animal, and see if anything could be learned in explanation of Montdidier's sudden disappearance. The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly-turned-up earth, where it set up the most mournful wailings and howlings. These cries were so touching, that passengers were attracted; and finally digging into the ground at the spot, they found there the body of Aubry de Montdidier. It was raised and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterwards interred in one of the city cemeteries.

The dog attached itself from this time forth to the friend, already mentioned, of its late master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him, had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate on the part of the animal awakened a suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Montdidier's murder, for his body shewed him to have met a violent death. Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He caused Macaire and the dog to be brought before him, and beheld the animal again spring upon the object of its hatred. The king interrogated Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit that he had been in any way connected with Montdidier's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the conduct of the dog was based on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser, according to the practice, in those days, between human plaintiffs and defendants. This remarkable combat took place on the Isle of Notre-Dame at Paris, in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club as a defensive weapon; while, on the other hand, the only self-preservative means allowed to the dog consisted of an empty cask, into which it could retreat, if hard pressed. The combatants appeared in the lists. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it leaped actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat, in so firm a manner that he could not disentangle himself. He would inevitably have been strangled, had he not cried for mercy, and in his terror avowed his crime. The dog was pulled from off him; but it availed him little; he was only liberated from its fangs to perish by the hands of the law. The fidelity of this dog has been celebrated in many a drama and poem. The dog which attracted such celebrity has been usually called the Dog of Montargis, from the combat having taken place at the château of Montargis.

Washington Irving mentions that in the course of his reading

he had fallen in with the following anecdotes, which illustrate, in a remarkable manner, the devoted attachment of dogs to their masters :

'An officer, named St Leger, who was imprisoned in Vincennes [near Paris] during the wars of St Bartholomew, wished to keep with him a greyhound that he had brought up, and which was much attached to him; but they harshly refused him this innocent pleasure, and sent away the greyhound to his house in the Rue des Lions St Paul. The next day, the greyhound returned alone to Vincennes, and began to bark under the windows of the tower, towards the place where the officer was confined. St Leger approached, looked through the bars, and was delighted again to see his faithful hound, which began to jump and play a thousand gambols to shew her joy. Her master threw a piece of bread to the animal, which ate it with great good-will. St Leger did the same in his prison, and, in spite of the immense wall which separated them, they breakfasted together like two friends. This friendly visit was not the last. Abandoned by his relations, who believed him dead, the unfortunate prisoner received the visits of his greyhound only, during four years' confinement. Whatever weather it might be, in spite of rain or snow, the faithful animal did not fail a single day to pay her accustomed visit. Six months after his release from prison, St Leger died. The faithful greyhound would no longer remain in the house, but on the day after the funeral returned to the castle of Vincennes, and it is supposed she was actuated by a motive of gratitude. A jailer of the outer court had always shewn great kindness to this dog, which was as handsome as affectionate. Contrary to the custom of people of that class, this man had been touched by her attachment and beauty, so that he facilitated her approach to see her master, and also insured her a safe retreat. Penetrated with gratitude for this service, the greyhound remained the rest of her life near the benevolent jailer. It was remarked that even while testifying her zeal and gratitude for her second master, one could easily see that her heart was with the first. Like those who, having lost a parent, a brother, or a friend, come from afar to seek consolation by viewing the place which they inhabited, this affectionate animal repaired frequently to the tower where St Leger had been imprisoned, and would contemplate for hours together the gloomy window from which her dear master had so often smiled to her, and where they had so frequently breakfasted together.

'In January 1799, the cold was so intense that the Seine was frozen to the depth of fifteen or sixteen inches. Following the example of a number of thoughtless youths, who were determined to continue the amusement of skating, in spite of a thaw having commenced, a young student, called Beaumanoir, wished also to partake of this dangerous pleasure, near the quay of the Hôtel des

Monnaies of Paris; but he had scarcely gone twenty steps when the ice broke under his weight, and he disappeared. The young skater had carried a small spaniel with him, which, seeing his master sink under the ice, immediately gave the alarm by barking with all his might near the spot where the accident had happened. It will easily be believed that it was impossible to give any assistance to the unfortunate youth; but the howlings of the animal warned others from approaching the fatal place. The poor spaniel sent forth the most frightful howls; he ran along the river as if he were mad; and at last, not seeing his master return, he went to establish himself at the hole where he had seen him disappear, and there he passed the rest of the day and all the following night. The day after, people saw with surprise the poor animal sorrowfully at the same post. Struck with admiration of such constancy, some of them made him a little bed of straw, and brought him some food; but absorbed in the most profound grief, he would not even drink the milk which these kind-hearted people placed near him. Sometimes he would run about the ice or the borders of the river to seek his master, but he always returned to sleep in the same place. He bit a soldier who was attempting to make him leave his inhospitable retreat, who, fearing that he was mad, fired at and wounded him. This affecting example of grief and constancy was witnessed for many days, and people came in crowds to contemplate this beautiful trait of attachment, which was not without its reward. The dog being only slightly wounded, was taken charge of by a woman, who, compassionating his suffering, and touched by the affection he shewed for his late master, carried him to her house, where his wound was dressed, and every effort that kindness could devise was practised, to console him for the loss of the young skater.'

Anecdotes of this kind are exceedingly numerous. A Westmoreland newspaper relates one respecting the dog of a Scotchwoman, named Jenny, who followed the profession of a pedler. She had a young child which the dog was very fond of, being in the habit of lying with it in the cradle. It happened, however, that the child became ill, and died. Jenny was at that time living at Hawkshead, but her infant was buried at Staveley. From the mother's distress of mind at the time, little notice was taken of the dog; but soon after the funeral it was found to be missing, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. But the poor mother, passing through Staveley, thought she would visit the churchyard where the infant was interred; when, behold! there was the little dog lying in a deep hole, which it had scratched over the child's grave! It was in a most emaciated state from hunger and privation.

## FIDELITY.

Fidelity to the interests of his master is one of the most pleasing traits in the character of the dog, and could be exemplified by so many anecdotes, that the difficulty consists in making a proper selection. The following, however, is worthy of commemoration:

A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but entertained the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink. The animal was too intent on his master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

'Mercy!' cried the afflicted merchant, 'it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befall me; but with what regret! O could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! But there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim, if I spare him.'

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand, took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired; but his aim was too sure. The poor animal fell wounded, and, weltering in his blood, still endeavoured to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection that he had prevented a greater evil by despatching a

mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit, however, was ineffectual: 'I am most unfortunate,' said he to himself; 'I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.' Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant, he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. 'Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame! I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.'

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted; but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed; he execrated himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail. He could do no more; he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast; even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes in death.

A less tragical instance of this kind of fidelity occurred some years ago in England. A gentleman of Suffolk, on an excursion with a friend, was attended by a Newfoundland dog, which soon became the subject of conversation. The master, after a warm eulogium upon the perfections of his canine favourite, assured his companion that he would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this assertion, a marked shilling was put under a large square stone by the side of the road—being first shewn to the dog. The gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received his signal from the master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back; the gentleman rode on and reached home; but, to their surprise and disappointment, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterwards appeared that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place, till two horsemen riding by, and attracted by

his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for twenty miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chamber-maid into the bedchamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trousers upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travellers were both asleep, the dog took them in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was left open on account of the sultry heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning with the prize he had made free with, in the pocket of which were found a watch and money, that were returned upon being advertised, when the whole mystery was mutually unravelled to the admiration of all the parties.

## ANECDOTES OF SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

One of the most striking instances which we have heard of the sagacity and personal attachment in the shepherd's dog, occurred nearly a century ago among the Grampian Mountains. In one of his excursions to his distant flocks in these high pasturages, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning, by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the

approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child; and still, on returning at evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog as usual departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract, almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers who frequent the Grampian Mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began without hesitation to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence!

From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving, by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

The following instance of watchful care on the part of a farmer's dog, is related in the *Sportsman's Cabinet* as being well authenticated:

'Mr Henry Hawkes, a farmer residing at Halling, in Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone market. On returning at night with his dog, which was usually at his heels, he again stopped at Aylesford, and, as is too frequently the case upon such occasions, he drank immoderately, and left the place in a state of intoxication. Having passed the village of Newheed in safety, he took his way over Snodland Brook, in the best season of the year a very dangerous road for a drunken man. The whole face of the country was covered with a deep snow, and the frost intense. He had, however, proceeded in safety till he came to the Willow Walk, within half a mile

of the church, when by a sudden stagger he quitted the path, and passed over a ditch on his right hand. Not apprehensive he was going astray, he took towards the river; but having a high bank to mount, and being nearly exhausted with wandering and the effect of the liquor, he was most fortunately prevented from rising the mound, or he certainly must have precipitated himself (as it was near high-water) into the Medway. At this moment, completely overcome, he fell among the snow, in one of the coldest nights ever known, turning upon his back. He was soon overpowered with either sleep or cold, when his faithful dependent, which had closely attended to every step, scratched away the snow, so as to throw up a sort of protecting wall around his helpless master; then mounting upon the exposed body, rolled himself round and lay upon his master's bosom, for which his shaggy coat proved a most seasonable covering and eventual protection during the dreadful severity of the night, the snow falling all the time. The following morning, a person who was out with his gun, in expectation of falling in with some sort of wild-fowl, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to approach the spot; upon his coming up, the dog got off the body, and after repeatedly shaking himself, to get disentangled from the accumulated snow, encouraged the sportsman, by actions of the most significant nature, to come near the side of his master. Upon wiping away the icy incrustation from the face, the countenance was immediately recollected; but the frame appearing lifeless, assistance was procured to convey it to the first house upon the skirts of the village, when a pulsation being observed, every possible means was instantly adopted to promote his recovery. In the course of a short time the farmer was sufficiently restored to relate his own story as already recited; and in gratitude for his extraordinary escape, ordered a silver collar to be made for his friendly protector, as a perpetual remembrancer of the transaction. A gentleman of the faculty in the neighbourhood hearing of the circumstance, and finding it so well authenticated, immediately made him an offer of ten guineas for the dog, which the grateful farmer refused, exultingly adding, 'that as long as he had a bone to his meat, or a crust to his bread, he would divide it with the faithful friend who had preserved his life;' and this he did in a perfect conviction that the warmth of the dog, in covering the most vital part, had continued the circulation, and prevented a total stagnation of the blood by the frigidity of the elements.'

The patience, the ingenuity, and fidelity of the shepherd's dog in assisting his master in his arduous profession, command our highest esteem; while his knowledge of what is desired of him, his tact in understanding the slightest signal, his sagacity in acting in cases of emergence on his own responsibility, make him the paragon of the brute creation. James Hogg, who possessed the best opportunities of studying the character of the shepherd's dog, mentions that he at

one time had a dog called Sirrah, an animal of a sullen disposition, and by no means favourable appearance, which was an extraordinary adept in managing a flock. One of his exploits was as follows: 'About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning-time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the Shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the Shepherd in great affliction, "my man, they're a' awa'." The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile the Shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their own power to recover their lost charge—they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles around; but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstance," says the Shepherd, "that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the Forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."'

In the execution of such duties, the shepherd's dog, as may be supposed, does not weigh moral considerations. His purpose is to serve his master, whether right or wrong, though, when employed on guilty objects, he is probably not ignorant that his work is of a clandestine nature, which it would not be faithful to disclose. Among the narratives which still entertain the fireside circle in Tweeddale, one of the most remarkable refers to an extraordinary case of sheep-stealing, in which a shepherd's dog was a subordinate though most active agent. The case occurred in the year 1772.

A young farmer at Ormiston, near Innerleithen, whose circumstances were supposed to be good, and who was connected with

many of the best store-farming families in the county, had been tempted to commit some extensive depredations upon the flocks of his neighbours, in which he was assisted by his shepherd. The pastoral farms of Tweeddale, which generally consist each of a certain range of hilly ground, had in those days no enclosures: their boundaries were indicated only by the natural features of the country. The sheep were accordingly liable to wander, and to become intermixed with each other; and at every reckoning of a flock, a certain allowance had to be made for this, as for other contingencies. For some time, Mr William Gibson, tenant in Newby, an extensive farm stretching from the neighbourhood of Peebles to the borders of Selkirkshire, had remarked a surprising increase in the amount of his annual losses. He questioned his shepherds severely, taxed them with carelessness in picking up and bringing home the dead, and plainly intimated that he conceived some unfair dealing was in progress. The men, finding themselves thus exposed to suspicions of a very painful kind, were as much chagrined as the worthy farmer himself, and kept their minds alive to every circumstance which might tend to afford any elucidation of the mystery. One day, while they were summering their lambs, the eye of a very acute old shepherd, named Hyslop, was caught by a black-faced ewe which they had formerly missed—for the shepherds generally know every particular member of their flocks—and which was now suckling its own lamb, as if it had never been absent. On inspecting it carefully, it was found to bear an additional *birn* upon its face. Every farmer, it must be mentioned, was in the habit of impressing with a hot iron a particular letter upon the faces of his sheep, as a means of distinguishing his own from those of his neighbours'. Mr Gibson's *birn* was the letter T, and this was found distinctly enough impressed on the face of the ewe. But above this mark there was an O, which was known to be the mark of the tenant of Ormiston, the individual already mentioned. It was immediately suspected that this and the other missing sheep had been abstracted by that person—a suspicion which derived strength from the reports of the neighbouring shepherds, by whom, it appeared, the black-faced ewe had been tracked for a considerable way in a direction leading from Ormiston to Newby. It was indeed ascertained that instinctive affection for her lamb had led this animal across the Tweed, and over the lofty heights between Kailzie and Newby; a route of very considerable difficulty, and probably quite different from that by which she had been led away, but the *most direct* that could have been taken. Mr Gibson only stopped to obtain the concurrence of a neighbouring farmer, whose losses had been equally great, before proceeding with some of the legal authorities to Ormiston, where Millar, the shepherd, and his master, were taken into custody, and conducted to the prison of Peebles. On a search of the farm, no fewer than thirty-three score of sheep belonging to

various individuals were found, all bearing the condemnatory O above the original *birns;* and it was remarked that there was not a single ewe returned to Grieston, the farm on the opposite bank of the Tweed, which did not *minny* her lambs—that is, assume the character of mother towards the offspring from which she had been separated.

The magnitude of this crime, the rareness of such offences in the district, and the station in life of at least one of the offenders, produced a great sensation in Tweeddale, and caused the elicitation of every minute circumstance that could possibly be discovered respecting the means which had been employed for carrying on such an extensive system of depredation. The most surprising part of the tale is the extent to which it appears that the instinct of dumb animals had been instrumental both in the crime and in its detection. While the farmer seemed to have deputed the business chiefly to his shepherd, the shepherd seemed to have deputed it again, in many instances, to a dog of extraordinary sagacity, which served him in his customary and lawful business. This animal, which bore the name of Yarrow, would not only act under his immediate direction in cutting off a portion of a flock, and bringing it home to Ormiston, but is said to have been able to proceed solitarily, and by night, to a sheep-walk, and there detach certain individuals previously pointed out by its master, which it would drive home by secret ways, without allowing one to straggle. It is mentioned that, while returning home with their stolen droves, they avoided, even in the night, the roads along the banks of the river, or those that descend to the valley through the adjoining glens. They chose rather to come along the ridge of mountains that separate the small river Leithen from the Tweed. But even here there was sometimes danger, for the shepherds occasionally visit their flocks even before day; and often when Millar had driven his prey from a distance, and while he was yet miles from home, and the weather-gleam of the eastern hills began to be tinged with the brightening dawn, he had left them to the charge of his dog, and descended himself to the banks of the Leithen, off his way, that he might not be seen connected with their company. Yarrow, although between three and four miles from his master, would continue, with care and silence, to bring the sheep onward to Ormiston, where his master's appearance could be neither a matter of question nor surprise.

Near to the thatched farmhouse was one of those old square towers, or peel-houses, whose picturesque ruins were then seen ornamenting the course of the Tweed, as they had been placed alternately along the north and south bank, generally from three to six hundred yards from it—sometimes on the shin, and sometimes in the hollow of a hill. In the vault of this tower, it was the practice of these men to conceal the sheep they had recently stolen; and while the rest of their people were absent on Sunday

at the church, they used to employ themselves in cancelling with their knives the ear-marks, and impressing with a hot iron a large O upon the face, that covered both sides of the animal's nose, for the purpose of obliterating the brand of the true owner. While his accomplices were so busied, Yarrow kept watch in the open air, and gave notice without fail, by his barking, of the approach of strangers.

The farmer and his servant were tried at Edinburgh in January 1773, and the proceedings excited an extraordinary interest, not only in the audience, but amongst the legal officials. Hyslop, the principal witness, gave so many curious particulars respecting the instincts of sheep, and the modes of distinguishing them both by natural and artificial marks, that he was highly complimented by the bench. The evidence was so complete, that both culprits were found guilty, and, according to the barbarous policy of those times, they expiated their crime on the scaffold.

The general tradition is, that Yarrow was also put to death, though in a less ceremonious manner; but this has probably no other foundation than a *jeu d'esprit*, which was cried through the streets of Edinburgh as his dying speech. We have been informed that the dog was in reality purchased, after the execution of Millar, by a sheep-farmer in the neighbourhood, but did not take kindly to honest courses, and his new master having no work of a different kind in which to engage him, he was remarked to shew rather less sagacity than the ordinary shepherd's dog.

An instance of shrewd discrimination in the shepherd's dog, almost as remarkable as that of poor Yarrow, was mentioned a number of years ago in a Greenock newspaper. In the course of last summer, says the narrator, it chanced that the sheep on the farm of a friend of ours, on the water of Stinchar, were, like those of his neighbours, partially affected with that common disease, maggots in the skin, to cure which distemper it is necessary to cut off the wool over the part affected, and apply a small quantity of tobacco-juice, or some other liquid. For this purpose, the shepherd set off to the hill one morning, accompanied by his faithful canine assistant, Laddie. Arrived among the flock, the shepherd pointed out a diseased animal; and making the accustomed signal for the dog to capture it, 'poor Malie' was speedily sprawling on her back, and gently held down by the dog till the arrival of her keeper, who proceeded to clip off a portion of her wool, and apply the healing balsam. During the operation, Laddie continued to gaze on the operator with close attention; and the sheep having been released, he was directed to capture in succession two or three more of the flock, which underwent similar treatment. The sagacious animal had now become initiated into the mysteries of his master's vocation, for off he set unbidden through the flock, and picked out with unerring precision those sheep which were affected with maggots in

their skin, and held them down until the arrival of his master, who was thus, by the extraordinary instinct of Laddie, saved a world of trouble, while the operation of clipping and smearing was also greatly facilitated.

Hundreds of such anecdotes, we believe, could be told of the shepherd's dog, but we shall content ourselves with the following, as an instance of sagacity and maternal tenderness in the animal: In October 1843, a shepherd had purchased at Falkirk, for his master in Perthshire, four score of sheep. Having occasion to stop a day in the town, and confident of the sagacity of his 'collie,' which was a female, he committed the drove to her care, with orders to drive them home—a distance of about seventeen miles. The poor animal, when a few miles on the road, dropped two whelps; but, faithful to her charge, she drove the sheep on a mile or two further; then allowing them to stop, returned for her pups, which she carried for about two miles in advance of the sheep. Leaving her pups, the collie again returned for the sheep, and drove them onwards a few miles. This she continued to do, alternately carrying her own young ones and taking charge of the flock, till she reached home. The manner of her acting on this trying occasion was afterwards gathered by the shepherd from various individuals, who had observed these extraordinary proceedings of the dumb animal on the road. However, when collie reached her home, and delivered her charge, it was found that the two pups were dead. In this extremity, the instinct of the poor brute was, if possible, yet more remarkable. She went immediately to a rabbit brae in the vicinity, and dug out of the earth two young rabbits, whom she deposited on some straw in a barn, and continued to suckle for some time, until one of the farm-servants unluckily let down a full sack above them, and smothered them.

## EDUCABILITY OF DOGS

The possibility of teaching dogs to perform various feats is well known. Fetching and carrying, going to a baker's shop with a penny and getting a loaf in exchange, and such-like performances, demonstrate only a mean species of cleverness. It is only when they attain the power of acting an independent part in a well-sustained scene, that their performances rise to the wonderful.

An aged gentleman has mentioned to us that, about eighty years ago, a Frenchman brought to London from eighty to a hundred dogs, chiefly poodles, the remainder spaniels, but all nearly of the same size, and of the smaller kind. On the education of these animals their proprietor had bestowed an immense deal of pains. From puppyhood upwards, they had been taught to walk on their hind-legs, and maintain their footing with surprising ease in that unnatural position. They had likewise been drilled into the best

possible behaviour towards each other; no snarling, barking, or indecorous conduct took place when they were assembled in company. But what was most surprising of all, they were able to perform in various theatrical pieces of the character of pantomimes, representing various transactions in heroic and familiar life with wonderful fidelity. The object of their proprietor was, of course, to make money by their performances, which the public were accordingly invited to witness in one of the minor theatres.

Amongst their histrionic performances was the representation of a siege. On the rising of the curtain, there appeared three ranges of ramparts, one above the other, having salient angles and a moat, like a regularly constructed fortification. In the centre of the fortress arose a tower, on which a flag was flying; while in the distance behind appeared the buildings and steeples of a town. The ramparts were guarded by soldiers in uniform, each armed with a musket or sword, of an appropriate size. All these were dogs, and their duty was to defend the walls from an attacking party, consisting also of dogs, whose movements now commenced the operations of the siege. In the foreground of the stage were some rude buildings and irregular surfaces, from among which there issued a reconnoitring party; the chief, habited as an officer of rank, with great circumspection surveyed the fortification, and his sedate movements, and his consultations with the troops that accompanied him, implied that an attack was determined upon. But these consultations did not pass unobserved by the defenders of the garrison; the party was noticed by a sentinel, and fired upon, and this seemed to be the signal to call every man to his post at the embrasures.

Shortly after, the troops advanced to the escalade; but, to cross the moat, and get at the bottom of the walls, it was necessary to bring up some species of pontoon, and accordingly several soldiers were seen engaged in pushing before them wicker-work scaffoldings, which moved on castors towards the fortifications. The drums beat to arms, and the fearful bustle of warfare opened in earnest. Smoke was poured out in volleys from shot-holes; the besieging forces pushed forward in masses, regardless of the fire; the moat was filled with the crowd; and, amid much confusion and scrambling, scaling-ladders were raised against the walls. Then was the grand tug of war. The leaders of the forlorn-hope who first ascended were opposed with great gallantry by the defenders; and this was perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibition. The chief of the assailants did wonders; he was seen now here, now there, animating his men, and was twice hurled, with ladder and followers, from the second gradation of ramparts; but he was invulnerable, and seemed to receive an accession of courage on every fresh repulse. The scene became of an exciting nature. The rattle of the miniature cannon, the roll of the drums, the sound of

trumpets, and the heroism of the actors on both sides, imparted an idea of reality that for the moment made the spectator forget that he was looking on a performance of dogs. Not a bark was heard in the struggle.

After numerous hairbreadth escapes, the chief surmounted the third line of fortifications, followed by his troops; the enemy's standard was hurled down, and the British flag hoisted in its place; the ramparts were manned by the conquerors; and the smoke cleared away—to the tune of *God save the King*.

It is impossible to convey a just idea of this performance, which altogether reflected great credit on its contriver, as also on the abilities of each individual dog. We must conclude, that the firing from the embrasures, and some other parts of the *mécanique*, were effected by human agency; but the actions of the dogs were clearly their own, and shewed what could be effected with animals by dint of patient culture.

Another specimen of these canine theatricals was quite a contrast to the bustle of the siege. The scene was an assembly-room, on the sides and the further end of which seats were placed; while a music-gallery, and a profusion of chandeliers, gave a richness and truth to the general effect. Livery-servants were in attendance on a few of the company, who entered and took their seats. Frequent knockings now occurred at the door, followed by the entrance of parties attired in the fashion of the period. These were, of course, the same individuals who had recently been in the deadly breach; but now all was tranquillity, elegance, and ease. Parties were formally introduced to each other with an appearance of the greatest decorum, though sometimes a young dog would shew a slight disposition to break through restraint, but only to the increased amusement of the beholders. Some of the dogs that represented ladies were dressed in silks, gauzes, laces, and gay tasteful ribbons. Some wore artificial flowers, with the flowing ringlets of youth; others wore the powdered and pomatumed head-dress of riper years, with caps and lappets, in ludicrous contrast to the features of the animals. Doubtless the whole had been the result of judicious study and correct arrangement, for the most animated were habited as the most youthful. The animals which represented gentlemen were judiciously equipped; some as youthful, and others as aged beaux, regulated by their degrees of proficiency, since those most youthfully dressed were most attentive to the ladies. The frequent bow, and return of courtesy, produced great mirth in the audience; but when the noses of the animals neared each other, it produced a shriek of delight from the youthful spectators. On a sudden, the master of the ceremonies appeared. No doubt he was the chief in the battle-fray. He was now an elegant fellow, full of animation; he wore a superb court-dress, and his manners were in agreement with his costume. He approached many of the visitors: to some of the gentlemen he

gave merely a look of recognition; to the ladies he was generally attentive; to some he projected his paw familiarly, to others he bowed with respect; and introduced one to another with an air of elegance that surprised and delighted the spectators. There was a general feeling of astonishment at some of the nicer features of the scene, as at the various degrees of intimacy which individuals expressed by their nods and bows of recognition.

As the performance advanced, the interest increased. A little music was heard as from the gallery, but it was soon interrupted by a loud knocking, which announced the arrival of some important visitor, and expectation was raised. Several livery-servants entered, and then a sedan-chair was borne in by appropriately dressed dogs; they removed the poles, raised the head, and opened the door of the sedan; forth came a lady, splendidly attired in spangled satin and jewels, and her head decorated with a plume of ostrich feathers! She made a great impression, and appeared as if conscious of her superior attraction; meanwhile the chair was removed, the master of the ceremonies, in his court-dress, was in readiness to receive the *élégante*, the bow and courtesy were admirably interchanged, and an air of elegance pervaded the deportment of both. The band now struck up an air of the kind to which ball-room companies are accustomed to promenade, and the company immediately quitted their seats, and began to walk ceremoniously in pairs round the room. Three of the ladies placed their arms under those of their attendant gentlemen. On seats being resumed, the master of the ceremonies and the lady who came in the sedan-chair arose; he led her to the centre of the room; Foote's minuet struck up; the pair commenced the movements with an attention to time; they performed the crossings and turnings, the advancings, retreatings, and obeisances, during which there was a perfect silence, and they concluded amid thunders of applause. What ultimately became of the ingenious manager with his company, our informant never heard.

Fully as interesting an exhibition of clever dogs took place in London in the summer of 1843, under the auspices of M. Leonard, a French gentleman of scientific attainments and enlightened character, who had for some years directed his attention to the reasoning powers of animals, and their cultivation. Two pointers, Braque and Philax, had been the especial objects of his instruction, and their naturally inferior intellectual capacities had been excited in an extraordinary degree. A writer in the *Atlas* newspaper thus spoke of the exhibition of these animals: 'M. Leonard's dogs are not merely clever, well-taught animals, which, by dint of practice, can pick up a particular letter, or can, by a sort of instinct, indicate a number which may be asked for; they call into action powers which, if not strictly intellectual, approximate very closely to reason. For instance, they exert memory. Four pieces of paper were placed

upon the floor, which the company numbered indiscriminately 2, 4, 6, 8. The numbers were named but once, and yet the dogs were able to pick up any one of them at command, although they were not placed in regular order. The numbers were then changed, with a similar result. Again, different objects were placed upon the floor, and when a similar thing—say a glove—was exhibited, one or other of the animals picked it up immediately. The dogs distinguish colours, and, in short, appear to understand everything that is said to them.

'The dog Braque plays a game of dominoes with any one who likes. We are aware that this has been done before; but when it is considered that it is necessary to distinguish the number of spots, it must be admitted that this requires the exercise of a power little inferior to reason. The dog sits on the chair with the dominoes before him, and when his adversary plays, he scans each of his dominoes with an air of attention and gravity which is perfectly marvellous. When he could not match the domino played, he became restless and shook his head, and gave other indications of his inability to do so. No human being could have paid more attention. The dog seemed to watch the game with deep interest, and what is more, he won.

'Another point strongly indicative of the close approach to the reasoning powers, was the exactness with which the dogs obeyed an understood signal. It was agreed that when three blows were struck upon a chair, Philax should do what was requested, and when five were given, that the task should devolve on Braque. This arrangement was strictly adhered to. We do not intend to follow the various proofs which were afforded of the intelligence of the dogs; it is sufficient to say that a multiplicity of directions given to them were obeyed implicitly, and that they appeared to understand what their master said as well as any individual in the room.

'M. Leonard entered into a highly interesting explanation of his theory regarding the intellectual powers of animals, and the mode he adopts to train and subdue horses, exhibiting the defects of the system generally pursued. His principle is, that horses are not vicious by nature, but because they have been badly taught, and that, as with children, these defects may be corrected by proper teaching. M. Leonard does not enter into these inquiries for profit, but solely with a scientific and humane view, being desirous of investigating the extent of the reasoning powers of animals.'

It does not appear possible that dogs should be educated to the extent of those of M. Leonard, unless we can suppose that they acquire a tolerably exact knowledge of language. That they in reality learn to know the meaning of certain words, not merely when addressed to them, but when spoken in ordinary conversation, is beyond a doubt; although the accompanying looks and movements in all likelihood help them in their interpretation. We

have known a small spaniel, for instance, which thoroughly understood the meaning of 'out,' or 'going out,' when spoken in the most casual way in conversation. A lady of our acquaintance has a dog which lives at enmity with another dog in the neighbourhood, called York, and angrily barks when the word York is pronounced in his hearing.

The late Dr J. Macculloch has related, of his own knowledge, that a shepherd's dog always eluded the intentions of the household regarding him, if aught was whispered in his presence that did not coincide with his wishes. Sir Walter Scott has told a number of anecdotes of a dog called Dandie, the property of a gentleman, which knew on most occasions what was said in his presence. His master returning home one night rather late, found all the family in bed, and not being able to find the boot-jack in its usual place, said to his dog: 'Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack; search for it.' The dog, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened, proceeded to a distant part of the house, and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which his master had left that morning under a sofa. James Hogg, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, declares that dogs know what is said on subjects in which they feel interested. He mentions the case of a farmer 'who had a bitch that for the space of three or four years, in the latter part of his life, met him always at the foot of his farm, about a mile and a half from his house, on his way home. If he was half a day away, a week, or a fortnight, it was all the same; she met him at that spot; and there never was an instance seen of her going to wait his arrival there on a wrong day. She could only know of his coming home by hearing it mentioned in the family.' The same writer speaks of a clever sheep-dog, named Hector, which had a similar tact in picking up what was said. One day he observed to his mother: 'I am going to-morrow to Bowerhope for a fortnight; but I will not take Hector with me, for he is constantly quarrelling with the rest of the dogs.' Hector, which was present, and overheard the conversation, was missing next morning; and when Hogg reached Bowerhope, there was Hector sitting on a knoll, waiting his arrival. He had swum across a flooded river to reach the spot.

Still more surprising, the dog may be trained not only to know the meaning of words, but to speak them. The learned Leibnitz reported to the French Academy that he had seen a dog in Germany which had been taught to pronounce certain words. The teacher of the animal, he stated, was a Saxon peasant-boy, who, having observed in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to various sounds of the human voice, was prompted to endeavour to make him speak. The animal was three years old at the beginning of his instructions, a circumstance which must have been unfavourable to the object; yet, by dint of great labour and perseverance, in three

years the boy had taught it to pronounce thirty German words. It used to astonish its visitors by calling for tea, coffee, chocolate, &c.; but it is proper to remark, that it required its master to pronounce the words beforehand; and it never appeared to become quite reconciled to the exhibitions it was forced to make.

The educability of the dog's perceptive faculties has been exemplified in a remarkable manner by his acquired knowledge of musical sounds. On some dogs, fine music produces an apparently painful effect, causing them gradually to become restless, to moan piteously, and finally, to flee from the spot with every sign of suffering and distress. Others have been seen to sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even to go every Sunday to church, with the obvious purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ. Some dogs manifest a keen sense of false notes in music. Mrs S. C. Hall, when residing at Old Brompton, possessed an Italian greyhound which screamed in apparent agony when a jarring combination of notes was produced accidentally or intentionally on the piano. These opposite and various manifestations shew what might be done by education to teach dogs a critical knowledge of sounds. A gentleman of Darmstadt, in Germany, as we learn, taught a poodle dog to detect false notes in music. We give the account of this remarkable instance of educability as it appeared in a French newspaper.

Mr S——, having acquired a competency by commercial industry, retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the cultivation and enjoyment of music. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the housemaid could in time bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical entrancement: this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion. Mr S—— felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear *some* part or other in the general domestic concert; and by perseverance, and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a *false note* escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally)—down came its master's cane on the back of the unfortunate Poodle, till she howled and growled again. Poodle perceived the meaning of these unkind chastisements, and instead of becoming sulky, shewed every disposition to howl on the instant a false note was uttered, without waiting for the formality of a blow. By and by, a mere glance of Mr S——'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to, false notes and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was

infallibly signalised by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the misperformance.

When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and Poodle became the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the duchy of Hesse. But, as may be imagined, her musical appreciation was entirely negative; if you sung with expression, and played with ability, she remained cold and impassible. But if your execution exhibited the slightest defect, you had her instantly shewing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. For a length of time, there was not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr S—— and his wonderful dog were not invited, or at least *the dog*. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band—whether violin, clarionet, hautbois, or bugle—all of them were obliged to execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looked at its master, erected its ears, shewed its grinders, and howled outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produced on it the same effect.

It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature was confined to the mere *execution* of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its training, its ultimate and perfected intelligence extended even to the secrets of composition. Thus, if a vicious modulation, or a false relation of parts, occurred in a piece of music, the animal shewed symptoms of uneasy hesitation; and if the error was continued, it infallibly gave the grand condemnatory howl. In short, Poodle was the terror of all the middling composers of Darmstadt, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. Sometimes Mr S—— and his friends took a pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds from instrument and voice. On such occasions, the creature lost all self-command, its eyes shot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls responded to the immelodious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter required to be careful not to go too far; for when the dog's patience was tried to excess, it became altogether wild, and flew fiercely at the tormentors and their instruments.

This dog's case is a very curious one, and the attendant phenomena not very easy of explanation. From the animal's power of discerning the correctness of musical composition, as well as of execution, one would be inclined to imagine that Mr S——, in training his dog, had only called into play faculties existing (but latent) before, and that dogs have in them the natural germs of a fine musical ear. This seems more likely to be the case, than that the animal's perfect musical taste was wholly an acquirement, resulting from the training. However this may be, the Darmstadt dog was certainly a marvellous creature, and we are surprised that, in these exhibiting times, its powers were not displayed on a wider stage.

The operatic establishments of London and Paris would perhaps have been greatly the better of a visit from the critical Poodle.

It is now settled, as a philosophical question, that the instruction communicated to dogs, as well as various other animals, has a hereditary effect on the progeny. If a dog be taught to perform certain feats, the young of that dog will be much easier initiated in the same feats than other dogs. Thus, the existing races of English pointers are greatly more accomplished in their required duties than the original race of Spanish spaniels. Dogs of the St Bernard variety inherit the faculty of tracking footsteps in snow. A gentleman of our acquaintance, and of scientific acquirements, obtained, years ago, a pup which had been produced in London by a female of the celebrated St Bernard breed. The young animal was brought to Scotland, where it was never observed to give any particular tokens of a power of tracking footsteps until winter, when the ground became covered with snow. It *then* shewed the most active inclination to follow footsteps; and so great was its power of doing so under these circumstances, that, when its master had crossed a field in the most curvilinear way, and caused other persons to cross his path in all directions, it nevertheless followed his course with the greatest precision. Here was a perfect revival of the habit of its Alpine fathers, with a degree of speciality as to external conditions, at which, it seems to us, we cannot sufficiently wonder.

## SAGACITY.

A habit of close observation, with or without instruction, leads dogs to reason on the circumstances by which they are affected. Dogs, for example, on the banks of the large rivers in the southern states of America, practise a method of deceiving alligators. When about to cross a river, the dog barks loudly, to bring the watchful alligators to the spot; having by this *ruse* withdrawn his enemies to a wrong point, he runs to another part of the bank, and goes over in safety.

There are few persons who have not seen mendicants guided by dogs through the winding streets of a city to the spot where they are to supplicate alms from passengers. Mr Ray, in his *Synopsis of Quadrupeds*, informs us of a blind beggar who was led in this manner through the streets of Rome by a dog. This faithful and affectionate animal, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish the streets and houses where he was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever he came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the mendicant began to ask alms, the dog lay

down to rest; but the man was no sooner served or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously, and without either order or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. 'I observed,' says Mr Ray, 'not without pleasure and surprise, that when a small copper coin was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, took it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into the old man's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it, unless he received it from the hand of his master.'

Dogs, however, will go greater lengths than assist their masters in begging. An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentions the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious, and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

That dogs should, on occasions such as that now related, find their way alone, for hundreds of miles, by roads with which they can have little or no acquaintance, and even across seas and ferries, is one of the most surprising features in their character; though cats, as is well known, will undertake equally remarkable adventures. Mr Jesse, in his *Gleanings of Natural History*, gives an instance of this sagacity, for which he says he was indebted to Lord Stowell. 'Mr Edward Cook, after having lived some time with his brother at Tugsten, in Northumberland, went to America, and took with him a pointer dog, which he lost soon afterwards, while shooting in the woods near Baltimore. Some time after, Mr and Mrs Cook, who continued to reside at Tugsten, were alarmed at hearing a dog in the night. They admitted it into the house, and found that it was the same their brother had taken with him to America. The dog lived with them until his master returned home, when they mutually recognised each other. Mr Cook was never able to trace by what

vessel the dog had left America, or in what part of England it had been landed. This anecdote confirms others which I have already mentioned relative to dogs finding their way back to this country from considerable distances.' Lieutenant Shipp, in his Memoirs, mentions the case of a soldier in India, who, having presented his dog to an acquaintance, by whom he was taken a distance of four hundred miles, was surprised to see him back in a few days afterwards. When the faithful animal returned, he searched through the whole barracks for his master, and at length finding him asleep, he awoke him by licking his face.

In Turkey, dogs form associations for mutual defence and aggression. Each quarter of Constantinople has (or, at least, had) its own dogs, which will not tolerate the intrusion of dogs from other quarters, though all will occasionally unite against a common enemy. Anecdotes are related of dogs in our own country seeking the assistance of neighbour dogs to punish injuries they have sustained; from which we may know that they possess a means of discovering their intentions to each other. A remarkable case of this kind is related in the *Cyclopædia of Natural History:* A gentleman residing in Fifeshire, and not far from the city of St Andrews, was in possession of a very fine Newfoundland dog, which was remarkable alike for its tractability and its trustworthiness. At two other points, each distant about a mile, and at the same distance from this gentleman's mansion, there were two dogs, of great power, but of less tractable breeds than the Newfoundland one. One of these was a large mastiff, kept as a watch-dog by a farmer, and the other a staunch bull-dog that kept guard over the parish mill. As each of these three was lord-ascendant of all animals at his master's residence, they all had a good deal of aristocratic pride and pugnacity, so that two of them seldom met without attempting to settle their respective dignities by a wager of battle.

The Newfoundland dog was of some service in the domestic arrangements, besides his guardianship of the house; for every forenoon he was sent to the baker's shop in the village, about half a mile distant, with a towel containing money in the corner, and he returned with the value of the money in bread. There were many useless and not over-civil curs in the village, as there are in too many villages throughout the country; but in ordinary the haughty Newfoundland treated this ignoble race in that contemptuous style in which great dogs are wont to treat little ones. When the dog returned from the baker's shop, he used to be regularly served with his dinner, and went peaceably on house-duty for the rest of the day.

One day, however, he returned with his coat dirtied and his ears scratched, having been subjected to a combined attack of the curs while he had charge of his towel and bread, and so could not defend himself. Instead of waiting for his dinner as usual, he laid down his charge somewhat sulkily, and marched off; and, upon looking

after him, it was observed that he was crossing the intervening hollow in a straight line for the house of the farmer, or rather on an embassy to the farmer's mastiff. The farmer's people noticed this unusual visit, and they were induced to notice it from its being a meeting of peace between those who had habitually been belligerents. After some intercourse, of which no interpretation could be given, the two set off together in the direction of the mill; and having arrived there, they in brief space engaged the miller's bull-dog as an ally.

The straight road to the village where the indignity had been offered to the Newfoundland dog passed immediately in front of his master's house, but there was a more private and more circuitous road by the back of the mill. The three took this road, reached the village, scoured it in great wrath, putting to the tooth every cur they could get sight of; and having taken their revenge, and washed themselves in a ditch, they returned, each dog to the abode of his master; but when any two of them happened to meet afterwards, they displayed the same pugnacity as they had done previous to this joint expedition.

It does not appear, however, that all casual, or apparently casual, interferences of dogs for the benefit of each other pass off in this momentary way; for there is another well-authenticated anecdote of two dogs at Donaghadee, in which the instinctive daring of the one by the other caused a friendship, and, as it should seem, a kind of lamentation for the dead, after one of them had paid the debt of nature. This happened while the government harbour or pier for the packets at Donaghadee was in the course of building, and it took place in the sight of several witnesses. The one dog in this case also was a Newfoundland, and the other was a mastiff. They were both powerful dogs; and though each was good-natured when alone, they were very much in the habit of fighting when they met. One day they had a fierce and prolonged battle on the pier, from the point of which they both fell into the sea; and as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Throwing water upon fighting dogs is an approved means of putting an end to their hostilities; and it is natural to suppose that two combatants of the same species tumbling themselves into the sea would have the same effect. It had; and each began to make for the land as he best could. The Newfoundland, being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the pier, on which he stood shaking himself; but at the same time watching the motions of his late antagonist, which, being no swimmer, was struggling exhausted in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland dog, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was a peculiar kind of recognition between the two animals—they never fought again; they were always together: and when the Newfound-

land dog had been accidentally killed by the passage of a railway wagon over him, the other languished and evidently lamented for a long time.

## BENEVOLENCE.

The benevolence of dogs generally, but of the Newfoundland variety in particular, has often excited marks of high admiration. A writer on this subject observes that he once saw a water-spaniel, unbidden, plunge into the current of a roaring sluice to save a small cur, maliciously thrown in. The same motive seemed to animate a Pomeranian dog, belonging to a Dutch vessel. This creature sprang overboard, caught a child up, and swam on shore with it, before any person had discovered the accident. A Yorkshire newspaper (November 1843) mentions a case not less humane and sagacious. A child, playing on Roach's Wharf with a Newfoundland dog belonging to his father, accidentally fell into the water. The dog immediately sprang after the child, who was only six years old, and seizing the waist of his little frock, brought him into the dock, where there was a stage, and by which the child held on, but was unable to get on the top. The dog, seeing it was unable to pull the little fellow out of the water, ran up to a yard adjoining, where a girl of nine years of age was hanging out clothes. He seized the girl by the frock, and notwithstanding her exertions to get away, he succeeded in dragging her to the spot where the child was still hanging by the hands to the stage. On the girl's taking hold of the child, the dog assisted her in rescuing the little fellow from his perilous situation; and after licking the face of the infant it had thus saved, it took a leap off the stage, and swam round to the end of the wharf, and immediately after returned with the child's hat in his mouth.

Newfoundland dogs have frequently been of service in the case of shipwreck. Youatt, in his *Humanity of Brutes*, relates the following case: A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.

The most remarkable anecdote of this class, however, is that regarding a Swiss chamois-hunter's dog. This animal being on the glaciers with an English gentleman and his master, observed the first approaching one of those awful crevices in the ice to look down into it. He began to slide towards the edge; his guide, with a view to save him, caught his coat, and both slid onward, till the dog seized his master's clothes, and arrested them both from inevitable death. The gentleman left the dog a pension for life.

The presentiment of approaching danger, of which we have given the above example, evinces a higher degree of reasoning power than that shewn in ordinary acts of sagacity or personal attachment. In the notice given by Captain Fitzroy of the earthquake at Galcahuasco, on the 20th of February 1835, it is mentioned that all the dogs had left the town before the great shock which ruined the buildings was felt. Very extraordinary stories have been told of dogs discovering and circumventing plans to injure the persons of their masters, in which it is difficult to place implicit credit. We give one of the most marvellous of these anecdotes, as it is usually related.

Sir H. Lee, of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, ancestor of the late Earls of Lichfield, had a mastiff which guarded the house and yard, but had never met with any particular attention from his master. In short, he was not a favourite dog, and was retained for his utility only, and not from any partial regard.

One night, as Sir Harry was retiring to his chamber, attended by his favourite valet, an Italian, the mastiff silently followed them up stairs, which he had never been known to do before, and, to his master's astonishment, presented himself in the bedroom. Being deemed an intruder, he was instantly ordered to be turned out, which being complied with, the poor animal began scratching violently at the door, and howling loudly for admission. The servant was sent to drive him away. Discouragement, however, could not check his intended labour of love; he returned again, and was more importunate to be let in than before. Sir Harry, weary of opposition, though surprised beyond measure at the dog's apparent fondness for the society of a master who had never shewn him the least kindness, and wishing to retire to rest, bade the servant open the door, that they might see what he wanted to do. This done, the mastiff, with a wag of the tail, and a look of affection at his lord, deliberately walked up, and crawling under the bed, laid himself down, as if desirous to take up his night's lodging there.

To save further trouble, and not from any partiality for his company, this indulgence was allowed. The valet withdrew, and all was still. About the solemn hour of midnight, the chamber door opened, and a person was heard stepping across the room. Sir Harry started from sleep; the dog sprung from his covert, and seizing the unwelcome disturber, fixed him to the spot. All was dark: Sir Harry rang his bell in great trepidation, in order to

procure a light. The person who was pinned to the floor by the courageous mastiff roared for assistance. It was found to be the favourite valet, who little expected such a reception. He endeavoured to apologise for his intrusion, and to make the reasons which induced him to take this step appear plausible; but the importunity of the dog, the time, the place, the manner of the valet, raised suspicions in Sir Harry's mind, and he determined to refer the investigation of the business to a magistrate.

The perfidious Italian, alternately terrified by the dread of punishment, and soothed by the hope of pardon, at length confessed that it was his intention to murder his master, and then rob the house. This diabolical design was frustrated solely by the unaccountable sagacity of the dog, and his devoted attachment to his master. A full-length picture of Sir Harry, with the mastiff by his side, and the words, 'More faithful than favoured,' is still preserved among the family pictures.

Presentiments of approaching danger, such as those now related, are to be traced only to the animal's close observation and watchful jealousy of disposition. Looks, signs, and movements are noticed by him which escape an ordinary observer. The idea that dogs have presentiments of death, and howl on such occasions, is a superstition now all but vanished.

## ECCENTRICITIES IN DOGS.

Although attachment to a master is the general characteristic of the dog, there are exceptions to this rule. The spotted carriage-dog seems regardless of man, and attaches himself exclusively to horses; he is happy only in the stable, or when running beside or near the heels of the horses in his master's carriage. Small domesticated dogs often shew a regard for the cats which have been their fireside companions. The clever author of *Tutti Frutti* relates the following instance of this kind of attachment: 'I have a poodle which I would make tutor to my son, if I had one. I sometimes use him towards my own education. Will not the following trait of his character amuse you? He conceived a strange fondness, an absolute passion, for a young kitten, which he carried about in his mouth for hours when he went out to walk; and whenever he came to a resting-place, he set her down with the greatest care and tenderness, and began to play with her. When he was fed, she always took the nicest pieces away from him, without his ever making the slightest opposition. The kitten died, and was buried in the garden. My poor poodle shewed the deepest grief, would not touch food, and howled mournfully the whole night long. What was my astonishment when, the next morning, he appeared carrying the kitten in his mouth! He had scratched her out of the ground, and it was only by force that we could take her from him.'

Instances of dogs forming no particular attachment, and seeking

amusement entirely on their own account, are more rare. A French author has related an amusing instance of canine independence. He states that, at the beginning of the Revolution, there was a dog in Paris known by the name of Parade, because he always attended regularly the military parades at the Tuileries. A taste for music was probably the cause of this fancy. He always stood by, and marched with the band; and at night went to the Opéra, Comédie Italienne, or Théâtre Feydau; dined with any musician who expressed, by a word or gesture, that his company was asked; yet always withdrew from attempts to be made the property of any individual.

A few years ago, the public were amused with an account given in the newspapers of a dog which possessed the strange fancy of attending all the fires that occurred in the metropolis. The discovery of this predilection was made by a gentleman residing a few miles from town, who was called up in the middle of the night by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. 'The removal of my books and papers,' said he, in telling the story, 'of course claimed my attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which prevailed, my eye every now and then rested on a dog, which, during the hottest progress of the conflagration, I could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of everybody's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir. When the fire was got under, and I had leisure to look about me, I again observed the dog, which, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. "Is this your dog, my friend?" said I to a fireman. "No, sir," answered he; "it does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog."—"The firemen's dog!" I replied. "Why so? Has he no master?" "No, sir," rejoined the fireman; "he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat. But he won't stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London; and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past which he has not been at."

'The communication was so extraordinary, that I found it difficult to believe the story, until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, was able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity.

'Some time afterwards, I was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which I resided (Camberwell, in Surrey), and, to my surprise, here I again met with the "firemen's dog," still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibi-

tion of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still, he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place.'

Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in the newspapers, to which were shortly afterwards appended several circumstances communicated by a fireman at one of the police-offices. A magistrate having asked him whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis, the fireman replied that he never knew 'Tyke,' as he was called, to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he [the fireman] attended himself. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied that he knew Tyke for the last nine years; and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied that Tyke liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favourites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen; and, although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather liked than otherwise. The magistrate said that Tyke was a most extraordinary animal; and having expressed a wish to see him, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related. There was nothing at all particular in the appearance of the dog; he was a rough-looking small animal, of the terrier breed, and seemed to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he did not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending with them at a conflagration, and then distance was of no consequence. It was found necessary to use stratagem for the purpose. A fireman commenced running: Tyke, accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and it was necessary to carry him to the office.

A number of interesting anecdotes will be found in Jesse's work, *Anecdotes of Dogs*. London: Henry G. Bohn.

# THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

## A STORY.*

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### I.

### OSWALD RETURNS FROM THE WARS TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE—THE MILLER TELLS HIS STORY.

ONE fine summer afternoon, a good many years ago, the outdoor loiterers of Goldenthal, who were listlessly spending their time beneath the shade of the bushy lime-trees which overhung the village street, had their attention drawn to a stranger who was making his way towards them. Tall, well made, and dressed in a gray coat, with a knapsack on his back and a sword at his side, he was evidently no ordinary wanderer. He looked so formidable, with a large scar on his brow, and a black moustache under his nose, that the children shrunk aside from him as he passed up the village. The shout which some of them raised brought several old women to the doors, and

* This simple story is a translation from *Das Goldmacher-Dorf* of Heinrich Zschokke, a late popular writer in Germany, whose pen was devoted to the improvement of the humbler classes of society. To bring it within the compass of a sheet, the story is slightly abridged; and to adapt it to the apprehension, as well as to excite the sympathies of English readers, some of the descriptions and sentiments have been necessarily altered or modified. In other respects, the child-like simplicity of the original remains.—Ed.

these soon recognised the stranger. 'Here is Oswald again,' they exclaimed, 'who went for a soldier years ago.'

A crowd was soon collected round the wayfarer, who was kindly greeted by all his old friends and acquaintances, every one inquiring if he had come back to reside amongst them. To these inquiries Oswald announced that, tired of the life of a soldier, he had given up the military profession, and intended to remain for the rest of his days in the village of Goldenthal. Pleased with the intelligence, and desirous of gathering an account of our hero's life, a number of persons asked him to retire to a tavern with them for a little friendly chat; but this invitation he respectfully declined, and asked them by whom his father's house was now inhabited. The miller, who had taken care of the house and land left by Oswald's father to his son, now came forward and said that a few days only would be required to make the house ready for its new inmate, and, in the meantime, he should have pleasure in entertaining Oswald at the mill. This kind invitation was accepted; and, after spending a few days with the sensible and hospitable miller, the retired soldier took possession of his own house.

For some time, Oswald was so busily engaged in making a number of repairs and improvements on his premises, that he had no time to bestow on intercourse with his neighbours, whose amusements were anything but agreeable to him. In consequence of this neglect, the villagers began to cherish bad suspicions against the new settler, and to make remarks on his conduct. They said they could not understand the man—his foreign travel had made him churlish and unsocial—constantly toiling or reading, he did not seem to have a moment to spare for an occasional sip at the wine-flask—a strange thing, indeed, for an old soldier not to take a glass.

Possessing naturally much good sense, which had been greatly improved by experience in the bustling life which he had led, and also some choice reading, Oswald possessed opinions on various subjects considerably different from those of his old village companions, whose proceedings were not at all to his mind. A yearning for the scenes of his infancy had brought him back to Goldenthal, which he loved with all its shortcomings and errors. It grieved him, on looking through the village, and learning something of its history, to discover that it had been for some years declining in its prosperity, and was now in an exceedingly bad condition. Formerly, it could boast of not a few respectable men in good circumstances, persons who could creditably take a lead in affairs; with a considerable number who, though not rich, were yet industrious, and removed above poverty. And what a difference now! Except the miller, the tavern-keepers, and two or three farmers, the people were generally worse than poor, for they were in debt. There was likewise a deterioration of manners, and things upon the whole looked desolate. Many of the houses were greatly in want of repair; rubbish lay in

masses in different quarters; the gutters were far from cleanly, and sent up a pestiferous odour; while the insides of the houses were correspondingly mean and untidy. The clothes of the people, also, did not seem what they used to be; their universal shabbiness shewing a want of self-respect. To complete the picture, men might be seen at all hours listlessly dozing away existence with pipes in their mouths, instead of working at some useful occupation. All too truly told a tale of sloth and impoverishment. Oswald took the liberty of hinting at these symptoms of general decline; but he was only abused for his pains. It is a thankless task to remind people of their duties.

Distressed with all he had seen, Oswald betook himself one day to the house of the miller, who could sympathise with him in his feelings. 'Pray, tell me, my friend,' said he, 'what has been the cause of this strange social degeneracy? When I departed from Goldenthal, it was a brisk little prosperous place; now it is all going to ruin. Surely it has not been scourged to a greater extent by war than its neighbours?'

'You are right,' replied the miller; 'our village has not suffered by war more than other villages which are flourishing. The causes of our decay are more continually at work, and I shall try to give you an insight into them. There has been gradually creeping over us a disposition to take things easily. Two or three men, who are our parish-officers, are tavern-keepers, and they manage public business for their own benefit. The village common, which used to be of some consequence, is thus badly managed; in fact, the funds are abused, and no little is spent in feasting and carousing. Still, you would say, it must after all be people's own blame if they get poor; the mere robbery of some public revenues cannot do it. That is true. But, with a bad example before them, the bulk of the villagers become careless, imitate bad habits, and, in short, spend a large share of their earnings in the taverns, and at cards and billiards. It is a curious thing, I tell you, that few men are able to keep the small properties left them by their fathers and grandfathers. They first get them burdened with debt, and then they are compelled to sell them. It all comes from following low habits.'

'When you have known all this,' said Oswald, 'why did you not expose it, so as to open the eyes of the people?'

'Because I had no hope of a good result,' said the miller; 'for, while all allow that we are in a deplorable case, and all will agree in general complaints and reproaches, none will thank you for attempting to discover the true causes of our decline, since every one fears lest he should have to bear some portion of the blame.'

'What! is there neither conscience nor religion left in the place?' exclaimed Oswald. 'What does the parson say to all this?'

'Oh, he preaches on his customary round of topics, but never enters particularly into the real circumstances of the people, nor

makes any close and practical application of his doctrine to them. He is an old man, rather reserved and haughty in his manners. He seems to preach from habit, as the people go to church from habit, and come back no better. And the young are following the example of their elders.'

'Is your schoolmaster, then, good for nothing?' Oswald asked.

'Since your father died,' said the miller, 'our school has never prospered. The boys and girls learn, by compulsion, to read, write, and reckon a little, and perhaps to repeat a prayer besides; but then, what is this against all that they learn from their parents at home—deceit and lying, swearing, quarrelling, begging and stealing, idleness and intemperance, envy and slander.'

Oswald heard with pain all that the miller had to tell of the parish, then shook his head with a dejected air, and went away to meditate on the melancholy account.

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## II.

### OSWALD BOLDLY ATTEMPTS THE REFORMATION OF GOLDENTHAL, AND ENCOUNTERS PERSECUTION.

On the next Sunday, after service, the people, as is customary in Germany, were assembled under the large lime-trees on the green. A weighty matter had drawn them together; for not only had they to consider how they should raise the taxes about to be levied, but also how they should make up old deficiencies of payment. The head men of Goldenthal formed the inner circle, and around them stood the women and children to hear the result of the consultation.

Oswald, who had been waiting for an opportunity of addressing his fellow-villagers on the state of affairs, thought he might do so now with advantage, and joined the assembly. When the overseers and others had done speaking, he mounted a stone, and after craving leave to be heard, which was not refused, he spoke as follows:

'Dear fellow-villagers—I went away a boy to the field of battle, and have returned to you a man. Scarcely can I recognise my native village: my heart is pained by the alterations I find among you. Once our village deserved indeed the name of Goldenthal. You know that most of the people were once in good circumstances; few were poor, and none were beggars: we could lend money then to our neighbours, and had none of the anxieties and vexations of debtors: our land was well cultivated; our cottages were neat and clean, inside and outside. A Goldenthaler in those good days was a gentleman, and could have borrowed a hundred guilders on the bare credit of his word. That was the golden age of Goldenthal!'

Here all the assembly nodded assent, and some exclaimed: 'Oswald is right for once!'

Oswald went on: ''Tis not so now! The place should be no longer called the Golden Valley, but rather the valley of dirt and thorns and thistles. The blessing of Heaven seems to have forsaken our fields; some have too much land, others have too little; the greater number of you do not improve what you have; you stupefy your senses with incessant smoking, or, what is worse, drinking; most of you are in debts and difficulties; and, being idle, you occupy yourselves in speaking evil of your neighbours. Our village has lost its good character, and is now known as one of the most intemperate and badly behaved places in the whole country; and when people wish to call any one a good-for-nothing wretch, they say he is a Goldenthaler!'

At these plain words there was a muttering of displeasure among the hearers, and every brow looked threateningly on Oswald. Elizabeth, the miller's daughter, who stood listening on the bench before the house, trembled for the perilous situation of the too faithful expositor. But he went on: 'Men of Goldenthal! if there is still a drop of honourable blood in your veins, join your hands and say: "The village shall be mended!" Whence comes your ruin? From your taverns. There your land melts away in liquor, and your cattle are lost in gambling.—I ask your parish-officers where is the public money, or where is your strict account of what you have done with it? Why is it that you had rather eat at the public cost than drain the parish land, or mend your neck-breaking roads?'

Here two or three of the official men called out: 'Hold your tongue, you vagabond! If you thus go on speaking evil of the constituted authorities, we will send you to the lock-up, with bread and water for eight-and-forty hours!'

Oswald, however, went on: 'You can put me into your prison, no doubt; but I can also bring you before your superiors. And when I tell them a little of your management, you will perhaps be less comfortable than I could be with bread and water.—But I turn to you all, my fellow-villagers; shew me if I have spoken falsely, or slandered any person. Ask your consciences whether you have done well or ill—whether you have enriched or impoverished yourselves—whether you are notable for honesty and piety, or for indolence, fraud, and selfishness. Or, if your consciences have lost their tongues, look round you and behold your tumbling houses and sheds, your barren fields and gardens, your empty purses and chests, your ragged coats and tattered shirts, your destitute-looking children—these are my witnesses against you!'

The preacher would have said more, but he was hurled from the stone by the angry crowd. Some would have proceeded to violence; but Oswald thrust himself through the throng, and, having armed

himself with a weighty cudgel, threatened severe punishment to the first who should dare to lay hands upon him. Loud outcries of vengeance pursued him homeward, and stones were hurled, one of which inflicted a wound upon his brow. But he reached his house without further injury, and there washed away the blood from his face, bound up the wound, and was soon composed and quiet. Elizabeth, pale and alarmed, came to inquire of his wound; but he assured her it was trifling, and bade her dismiss her fear.

So ended Oswald's first attempt at reformation; but he was not to be defeated. From the day on which he delivered his address, he continued to be the object of many petty persecutions. One night the boys threw stones at his windows; another night they barked six young fruit-trees in his garden. When he complained to the parish-officers of these offences, they only told him he had brought ill-will upon himself, and that he deserved worse than he got.

Not daunted with want of success in his exhortation, and possessing the ardour of a man convinced of the truthfulness of his cause, he now determined on trying to rouse the clergyman to adopt his views. Perhaps, thought he, he requires only a little coaxing; he has probably been disheartened without a proper reason. Oswald accordingly waited on the pastor, and as tenderly as possible laid before him the condition of the parish, waxing bolder, however, as he proceeded.

Having stated what he considered his case, the old man replied: 'You are quite in a mistake coming to me. I have nothing to do with the concerns you mention, nor can I mix myself up in your business. All the unhappiness of this village is owing to the sinfulness of the people. They disregard the word of God. They defraud me of my dues in every possible way. The long-suffering of Heaven cannot endure this much longer; and there must surely come a heavy judgment upon them.'

'But, reverend sir,' said Oswald, 'you can do something towards the reformation of these people. Their lives are vicious, because their minds are dark and ignorant. If you would encourage a better regulation of the school, the young might grow up well informed and with good habits, and we should doubtless reap good fruit from such a labour.'

The clergyman answered: 'That is the schoolmaster's business, not mine; I have no time for it. I have enough to do to study my sermons.'

Oswald still urged his petition: 'Reverend sir, I am sorry to have to remind you, that as a good shepherd, you are bound to care for every one of your flock. If you did but visit their abodes, and see how they have habituated themselves to vice, indolence, and misery; if you could see the neglected children who are growing up in the midst of so many bad examples; if you could'——

Here the old clergyman, who had been listening impatiently to the

harangue of his visitor, interrupted him by exclaiming: 'This is intolerable. You, an unlettered man, come here to lecture me on my duties! Pray, what do you take me for? Do you think I am a police-officer, to be poking about everywhere? The flock should themselves attend to their temporal concerns. I am a spiritual pastor, and know my place. Get along with you; and let me hear no more of such impertinence!'

Oswald left the parsonage disappointed. Pretty nearly at his wits' end, he bethought him of taking counsel from the magistrates of the next town, who had a kind of supervisional authority over Goldenthal. Having arrayed himself in his best suit, and taken his walking-stick in his hand, he set out for the neighbouring town, where he expected to find good advisers and helpers. On his arrival, he waited on the most respectable public characters to lay the condition of Goldenthal before them. But the first person he applied to was giving a great dinner, and could not attend to the miserable story; another was just going to take a walk, and could not stop; a third was deeply immersed in a game of billiards, which required all his thoughts; a fourth was reckoning up his accounts, and had no time for any other business; a fifth was about to conduct a lady to the dancing-room, and of course could not be interrupted; the sixth, an old gentleman with a white peruke and queue, sitting in an easy-chair, looked patronisingly on Oswald; without desiring him to be seated, he heard the story he had to tell of the misery of Goldenthal, the bad measures of the parish-officers, and the ignorance of the schoolmaster—to all which he shook his head very gravely.

Encouraged by the interest which he appeared to have excited, Oswald next spoke of the indifference of the parson; but here he struck a wrong chord. Looking sternly at his visitor, and his neatly tied queue almost bristling with indignation, the old man called on him to stop his false accusations. 'You ill-mannered rascal,' said he, 'do you imagine I can sit here to listen to your revilements of all authorities, spiritual as well as temporal! I suppose you are one of those discontented, fault-finding wretches who are never at rest, but would turn everything topsy-turvy! Away with you and your catalogue of grievances, or I will send you to the house of correction! Your clergyman, so far from being what you represent him, is one of the best of men, for he is my own cousin!'

After this rebuff, Oswald had not the courage to apply elsewhere on the subject, and he returned sorrowfully to the village.

## III.

### A NEW SCHOOLMASTER—OSWALD'S MODE OF TEACHING—THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—THE OCCURRENCE AT THE MILL.

On arriving at Goldenthal, in the afternoon, Oswald told no one of the bad result of his journey, but put on a cheerful face, and spoke in a friendly way to those whom he met, even to his worst enemy, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, who was majestically standing with folded arms at the tavern-door.

'Good-evening, neighbour Brenzel,' said Oswald; 'you have soon done your day's work.'

'I think I deserve my day's wages at all events,' said Brenzel, 'if I stay at home only to drive the beggars from my door.'

Oswald was disgusted as he heard this unfeeling speech from the man, and, without any further conversation, hastened homeward. He was cheered when, approaching the mill, he found Elizabeth, the daughter of Siegfried the miller, sitting in the shadow of the cherry-tree, at the front of the house, and sewing. Though he endeavoured to appear cheerful, she saw that he was sorrowful at heart, and earnestly questioned him of the cause of his grief. 'You have been over to the town,' said she, 'and have seen what you like better than anything at Goldenthal, and now you will not be able to remain with us.'

Then Oswald explained to her the cause of his sorrow. He did not mean to leave Goldenthal; but the deterioration of the place had grieved him deeply, and he could find none disposed to assist him in the work of reformation. As he spoke of the sad habits of the villagers, Elizabeth replied: 'We have just had another instance. Our old schoolmaster, who, you know, was a dissipated character, is drowned. Coming home tipsy from the *Eagle*, he fell into the pond by the roadside, and was found only after life was extinct. Happily, he has left neither wife nor child.'

This news seemed to affect Oswald in no small degree. He became studious after hearing it, and went home full of thought. Elizabeth could not guess what great matter he was considering, but she discovered it the following Sunday. After service, the parishioners were called together to elect a new schoolmaster. Oswald attended the meeting. The miller, at the suggestion of his daughter Elizabeth, stood at the side of Oswald, ready to check him whenever his indignation was in danger of uttering itself too strongly.

The first of the parish authorities, Mr Brenzel, opened the meeting by a speech. As the office of schoolmaster was vacant, and was one of the least important in the parish (for the salary was only forty

guilders a year*), he was happy to be able to recommend to the parish a suitable man, willing to fill the place. This was the tailor, Mr Specht, whose trade was very dull, and who was, moreover, related to him, the speaker, on the mother's side.

The host of the *Eagle* came forward to propose, as an amendment, that his poor cousin Schluck, a lame fiddler, should fill the office; for he was willing to do it, considering the poverty of the parish, for a salary of only thirty-five guilders per annum. In weighing the qualifications of the candidates, he hoped it would be remembered that Mr Schluck had a large family. This, with the fact of the saving of five guilders, would doubtless influence the votes of the parishioners.

Specht the tailor, as he saw that many of the voters were very much taken with this tempting offer, came forward to give the fiddler a very bad character, and, further, offered to perform all the duties of the office at a salary of only thirty guilders. At this the fiddler was so enraged, that he called the tailor by many most disgraceful names, and again offered himself at a reduced salary: twenty-five guilders would be enough for him. The tailor, who could not go below this, declared he would call Schluck before the magistrate to answer for the libels he had uttered, and so gave up further competition.

The voters were accordingly prepared to instal the fiddler in the office of schoolmaster, when Oswald stood forward and spoke: 'What! will you give more to your cow-herd, and even to your swine-herd, than to the man to whom you would confide the instruction of your children in piety and useful knowledge? Are you not ashamed of such a sin? I know your parish purse is empty; and the poor people, who can hardly gain potatoes and salt, let alone bread, cannot afford to pay for schooling. I will make a third offer: I will be your schoolmaster, and demand no salary. It shall not cost the parish a farthing: only let me have the place.' The Goldenthalers looked at each other in amazement. Some objected to the proposal: they did not know what such a man would teach their children; perhaps the black art! But the majority in the meeting considered chiefly the saving of twenty-five guilders yearly, and cried out that Oswald should by all means be the schoolmaster. Accordingly, he was elected.

Elizabeth heard the result of the meeting, and felt as if she must sink into the earth with shame and confusion. No wonder; for, next to the watchman and the swine-herd, no man in the village held an office so low in estimation as that of the schoolmaster. Even the sensible miller, Siegfried, shook his head, and said: 'Oswald must have lost his senses!' But Oswald had formed his plan, and kept to his determination. He formally passed an examination; and as

* £3, 6s. 8d. sterling.

he could write a good hand, and knew something more of accounts than a peasant needed, he was considered eligible, and appointed, by the authorities of the neighbouring town, schoolmaster at Goldenthal. But now he had to convince his friends of the propriety of his plan. 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'do not despair of my undertaking, nor count it a folly. You see we can do little for the old people; let us begin with the young ones, and try what we can do with them. A village schoolmaster's is indeed a despised office; but our religion teaches us to remember how low the Saviour stooped to teach mankind. If our rulers and great men had a better understanding, they would be more careful about the appointment of country schoolmasters than of the professors in our colleges. But lowly matters are too much neglected; and the consequence is, the nation seems top-heavy, and even thrones stand upon an insecure foundation.'

Having formed his resolutions, Oswald was not the man to shrink from what he considered his duty. It was no doubt a thankless task he was undertaking; but it is no true benevolence which looks about for thanks. Conscious that he was doing good to the best of his ability, he felt that his reward would consist in seeing his ends accomplished. With no fear of the result, he made preparations for commencing the profession of teacher, and when winter came on, he opened his school. On the first day, he placed himself at the door of the school-house, and received the children with kind attention. Some had muddy shoes, and he bade them clean them before they entered the decent school-room. He shook hands with all who came in cleanly style, but turned away the dirty hands to be washed. Some came with hair uncombed and matted, and were sent home to use comb and brush. But all who came combed and washed, received from their new teacher a kiss on the brow. The boys and girls wondered: some blushed, some laughed, and others cried. They had never known such treatment before. Many parents complained of these over-nice regulations; but Oswald insisted on them, and in the course of a little time found a good result in the decency of his pupils. The reformation he produced in the course of a quarter, by mild and firm management, amazed the parents. Some old women broadly hinted that such wonders could not be done by fair means: there must be some magic at work. Others told a strange story of a rat-catcher somewhere, who enticed many children to follow him, and then vanished with them all down a hole in a mountain. But the most prevalent report was, that Oswald was teaching the children a new religion; and this was so seriously believed, that two official gentlemen from the town were deputed to inspect the school.

The badly disposed villagers were delighted to hear of this commission of inspection, and waited with anxiety to hear that Oswald was to be dismissed. The commission came unexpectedly

one morning when Oswald was about to open his school; but the appearance of the gentlemen by no means discomposed him, for he had nothing to conceal. The visitors, after explaining their object, watched the children as they assembled and took their seats in an orderly manner. When all were seated, Oswald, as usual, addressed his pupils.

'Dear children,' said he, 'let us, before all things, bow before God our Father, and offer our thanksgivings and prayers.' As he spoke, the children, in number fifty-five, folded their hands, and fell upon their knees. Oswald then knelt down, and the visitors, a little surprised, followed his example. The teacher then read a prayer, beautiful, and yet so simple, that the child of only six years could understand it; and one of the visitors, an alderman, was so far moved that tears gathered in his eyes. When the prayer was ended, all the children arose, and, guided by the notes and words on a suspended board, sang in harmony a morning hymn. Then the school divided itself into classes, under the appointed monitors, and the various tasks of the day were studied. One peculiar method of teaching used by Oswald should be mentioned. The last hour in the afternoon he generally occupied by telling the boys and girls an amusing story, in which some useful lesson was contained. The visitors saw enough of his methods during the day to be convinced that Oswald was one of the best and worthiest teachers in the country, and that all that was said against him was a scandal.

The winter passed away. In the summer, the school was closed, for the elder boys and girls could then be of service to their parents in the fields. But Oswald collected the little ones at his house, and gave them a few lessons, or amused them in some light occupations about his premises. It was part of his convictions that instruction in anything without actual training is of little use; he therefore tried to train his pupils to industrial pursuits, and so lead them to a practical acquaintance with what they read of in books. In this way he taught them gardening and a knowledge of plants, also various other things which would be useful to them through life. A great point with Oswald was to form habits of order and cleanliness in his young scholars, and this not only at school, but when out of doors, enforcing his rules with persuasions suited to young minds. Perhaps, however, all this was held by him of inferior moment to the education of the feelings—a love of the beautiful, the tender, and the poetical—for without these the mind remains hard and intractable, and cannot be led to know the finer religious emotions. How charming was it to see this benevolent man with his band of scholars, happy in each other, neither sourness nor severity in the master, nor fear in the pupils! It was throughout a labour of love: addressed as their dear master, Oswald was always ready to encourage and explain. No one dreaded to ask him a question: he was their friend not less than their instructor. The

happiness in these young parties drew the attention of the elder scholars, and they begged Oswald not to forget them. He accordingly arranged that they should at times visit his house, or walk with him in the fields. On these occasions, he opened their understandings to many branches of knowledge—among others, the wonders of creation and providence, and the nature of human society, of which they had formerly known very little. He took care not to be dry or tedious, but mixed up all he said with stories of natural history, of foreign lands and people, of wild animals, mountains, seas, and rivers.

The young men of the village heard reports of these pleasant conversations, and some of the more curious and intelligent among them began to seek Oswald's society. He gathered a class of these young men, and devoted some part of his leisure on Sundays to their instruction, giving them subjects to study during the week, and recommending to them suitable books for reading. But while he had such success among the young people, many of the leading men in the village remained his determined foes. Though they could not understand his measures, they felt that there was something in them which tended to overthrow the existing state of society in Goldenthal; consequently, Oswald found little society in the village, except at the mill, where he was always welcomed by Elizabeth and her parents.

One evening, when Oswald, as was customary, went to the house of the miller, he was received in a style so altered as to surprise him. His old friend looked studious and reserved, his wife seemed in ill humour, and Elizabeth had a sorrowful and anxious face. After a while, her parents left the room, and Oswald asked Elizabeth the reason for this cold reception. Her answer was for some moments delayed by sobs and tears; at last she told him that, a year ago, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, and the richest man in the parish, had asked for her as the wife of his eldest son, a dissipated young man. She had claimed of her parents a year for consideration; but now the time had expired, and her father, who wished to see her settled in life, was somewhat displeased at her unwillingness. This she told with tears, and Oswald understood more than she said. He assured her tenderly that long ago he had chosen her as his own bride, and she received his confession with great delight. He then went to her parents, and while Elizabeth was praying for a favourable result of the interview, he gave such an explanation of his condition and prospects, that, after a short time, the miller came into the room where Elizabeth was sitting, and, joining the hands of his daughter and Oswald, pronounced a blessing upon the betrothal. To Elizabeth it seemed like a dream—too happy to be true.

## IV.

### OSWALD IS STILL UNPOPULAR, BUT ELIZABETH IS WELL SPOKEN OF—THE HOST OF THE LION FALLS AND BREAKS HIS NOSE.

On the following Sunday, when Oswald and Elizabeth were named from the pulpit as betrothed, the Goldenthalers stared, and there was no little whispering among the women. But the host of the *Lion* immediately went out of the church as angry as the wild beast upon his sign, declaring that he would ruin the perfidious miller and all his family. However, in spite of this threat, Oswald and Elizabeth celebrated their marriage about three weeks afterwards.

Soon after the wedding, Oswald said to his bride: 'To insure our happiness, let us make a threefold vow: first, that there shall be no secrets between us; secondly, that none, not even our parents, shall be allowed to interfere between us in any of our affairs; and thirdly, that we will never speak unkindly towards each other, no, not even in jest.' To these propositions Elizabeth gladly assented.

It is customary in Germany to utter the voice of congratulation in song. Conformably with this ancient usage, Oswald's pupils resolved on serenading their beloved master. Oswald and his wife, therefore, on the morning after their marriage, were awakened by a harmonious hymn of congratulation, and wishes of long life and happiness, in which many voices joined. On looking out to return thanks for this kindness, Oswald was delighted to see so many of his scholars composing the choir. He observed, too, several persons standing and pointing to his cottage; for the children had secretly covered the walls with garlands in the evening, and even the least of them had brought wild-flowers from the fields and hedges to add to the display of affection. At school, all the children appeared with nosegays and wreaths of flowers, as if it was a great festival-day.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations, Oswald was still unpopular in the village. The oldest and most experienced people found reasons for grave suspicions, not only in his wonderful success as a teacher, but also in his sudden marriage with the miller's daughter. Such wonders, they were sure, could not be done by fair means: there was something supernatural in it. The old miller heard all this idle chatter, and only laughed at it; but his wife, though a pious and sensible woman, had her share of pride, and could not bear that it should be said she had given her daughter to a poor vagabond schoolmaster. Out of patience with the inquisitive gossip of the hostess of the *Eagle*, she one evening could not refrain from boasting. 'Hold your tongue,' said she; 'you know nothing about it. Oswald, I tell you, could buy up both your husband and the host of the *Lion*. I have seen proof of what I say; and, if I might speak, I could tell

you such things of him as would make the hair on your head stand on end.'

No sooner had the miller's wife made this idle boast, than she repented of it, and extorted from the hostess of the *Eagle* a promise that it should be kept as a strict secret. So the hostess kept it, and mentioned it to nobody, excepting her sister and her husband, and these also promised secrecy. They only added a little to the story, so that it was soon reported that heaps of gold and silver had been seen in Oswald's cottage; that he could buy all Goldenthal if he chose; and that such things were done in his house as, if they could be known, would make the hair bristle up upon the head like porcupines' quills. As the story went round the village, it increased like a snowball: it was declared that a second Dr Faustus had settled in Goldenthal; that Oswald had sold himself to Satan for thirty years; that he could make gold as fast as he liked; that he had bewitched Elizabeth, and compelled her to marry him; that he could call up spirits; discover treasures in the earth; and finally, could, if he liked, ride through the air on a broomstick!

This stupid tale had one advantage for Oswald, as it protected him from all other insulting treatment. The respect which they would not pay simply to the man of superior wisdom and virtue, they were now compelled to pay to the reputed necromancer. Many of the ignorant Goldenthalers secretly crossed themselves when they happened to meet the schoolmaster.

Elizabeth enjoyed a better reputation. The young people did not cross themselves when they met her, but enjoyed a friendly glance from her face, and secretly blessed her. She became the true friend and adviser of all the young maidens in Goldenthal. On one occasion, two young damsels about to be married came to ask of her the important secret of preserving their beauty, and retaining the affections of their husbands. Elizabeth assured them that no magic was required to do it. Said she: 'If wives frequently lose their attraction, and consequently the love of their husbands, it is often their own fault. Before they were married, they were cleanly and neat, with burnished brows, and hair as smooth and glossy as in a painting; now see them strolling about in the morning, with stockings hanging loose, shoes down in the heels, and papers in their uncombed locks, as if they thought slovenliness a proof of a good housewife. Be sure that when the wife goes about in this slothful tawdry way, there is little hope of happiness in the house.'

'But all of us cannot get new clothes so well as you can,' said one of the maidens.

'I use perhaps less than some of you,' replied Elizabeth, 'because I am careful and punctual in mending, whenever a garment requires it.'

Then one of the young women blushed as she confessed she had never learned to sew, but would be glad if any one would teach her.

'I will do so gladly,' said Elizabeth: 'come both of you to me at the time I shall appoint.'

When Oswald heard of this plan, he was delighted with the benevolence of his wife, and proposed that she should make this a beginning of a school for sewing. 'The waste of materials, and the misery of families for want of good domestic knowledge in the wives of the poor, cannot be properly counted. It is a shame to our country that we have not in every village a sensible woman and good housewife appointed to teach poor young women good, wholesome, and cheap cookery, as well as plain sewing. It would prevent an enormous waste of money, and make many marriages happy.'

Elizabeth took the hint; and when her two pupils had invited, by their example, a class of young women to meet at the schoolmaster's house, the lessons were not confined to sewing and knitting, but the kitchen was turned into a school, and the clever young wife explained the modes of preparing plain and inexpensive dishes for the family table. Even the aspect of her neat and orderly house, filled with decent and well-cleaned furniture and utensils of every sort, had a good effect upon the minds of these young disciples in domestic economy. All these labours gave Oswald and Elizabeth plenty to do, but still they wished to do something more. Already the children had been trained to industrial occupations, and now all were taught to plait straw for hats and bonnets, and besides, the girls were taught to do various kinds of knitting. The long winter evenings, which had formerly been spent in idleness or foolish sports, were now devoted to these useful occupations. No sight was more pleasing than to see happy parties of young straw-plaiters in the kitchens of the village cottagers, all laughing or chatting while their fingers were busy, or listening attentively to one who read to them by the light of a burning fagot.

By such services, Oswald and Elizabeth won the affections of the young villagers. Still, Oswald could not banish the absurd reports about himself. Mr Brenzel particularly, the host of the *Lion*, knew that the easiest way to ruin a man is to get up reports that he is not orthodox in his creed, and accordingly watched for an opportunity of doing Oswald a serious injury. At last this determined foe and spy supposed he had found out something worthy of a legal scrutiny. Said he: 'I have got enough to twist the schoolmaster's neck about. I will compel his own mother-in-law to appear against him. As a parish-officer, I am bound to report what I have heard.'

Accordingly, one Sunday he arrayed himself in his best clothes, adjusted a three-cornered hat majestically on his head, took his Spanish cane tipped with silver, and set out with vast strides to walk to the town. Not a word did he say to anybody of his business, for he feared that, if Oswald caught a whisper of it, some serious accident would befall him before he could give information of the

Goldenthal wizard. As he went along he talked to himself, muttering over the speech he had prepared to recite to the magistrate, and as the tone of the address rose, he quickened his pace, and beat the air with his hands. In his zeal and hurry, he got his walking-stick between his legs, and fell over it so heavily, that he arose with a nose swollen and discoloured like a large plum. 'Oswald, surely enough, did that!' he exclaimed, as he recovered his breath.

As he was wiping his face, a gentleman on horseback galloped up to him, and asked: 'Have you a gentleman named Oswald in your village, and where shall I find him?'

'Yes: what do you want with him?' replied the host of the *Lion*.

'The prince wishes to see him,' said the horseman, and rode away towards Goldenthal.

The host of the *Lion* gaped wide with amazement. 'Wha—what!' he gasped; 'the prince visit Oswald!' Just then a carriage rolled by, drawn by six horses. Brenzel now caught a glimpse of a young man in it, dressed in a blue surtout, and with a silver star on his breast.

'O dear, dear!' exclaimed Brenzel. 'The prince means to go to the *Lion;* I am not at home; and now he will put up at the *Eagle!*' So saying, he hurried homeward, running until he lost his breath, and getting the fine cane once more between his legs, so that he came down again with violence upon his already battered nose. Rising up, he hastened on, notwithstanding the pain, and found his part of the village quite deserted—no prince at the *Lion*—no prince at the *Eagle;* but his kitchen-maid came breathless to tell him: 'All the people are down at the schoolmaster's waiting to see the prince.' And there, sure enough, he found a crowd in front of Oswald's house. Presently, the door was opened, the prince appeared, walking between Oswald and Elizabeth, then kindly shook hands with them, stepped into his carriage, and was soon whirled away, leaving the spectators more than ever convinced that Oswald was a magician.

'Even great princes come to him for money,' said one of the sages of Goldenthal when the adventure was talked over. 'If I had his deep knowledge, do you think I would live here and keep school as he does? No; I would ride about like the prince, and have my kitchen full of good living, and my cellar full of wine. If I sold myself to Satan, it would be for something worth while.'

Poverty, like riches, corrupts the heart; and there were some poor wretches in Goldenthal who, while they talked of Oswald's supposed arrangement with Satan, secretly wished that they could make as good a bargain.

## V.

### THE GOLDMAKERS' CONFEDERACY.

The inhabitants of Goldenthal, as may be already judged, were ill instructed, and full of the prejudices belonging to a rude and primitive state of things. Never accustomed to observe the operation of natural causes, they readily traced all that was remarkable to something beyond nature—to magic, or the practice of unholy arts. That their neighbour Oswald, a discharged soldier, with means not above the common, should live in comfort, want for no money, and be visited by princes, was to their minds supernatural. The report spread by his mother-in-law added strength to this wild notion; and now it was a confirmed belief among many that he could derive his wealth only by an intercourse with evil spirits; perhaps, as has been already hinted, he had, like Dr Faustus, sold himself body and soul to the great enemy of mankind.

Worked on by necessity, a number of the poorest men in Goldenthal, unknown to each other, began to cultivate Oswald's friendship. Seizing on favourable opportunities, they, one after the other, visited him privately, and hinted that they required his advice respecting their circumstances. They had evidently a mighty secret, which they longed to utter. At last one ventured to speak out, and said: 'Oswald, you can make gold; teach me to do it. I am so poor, that I care for nothing, not even to see Beelzebub in proper person. I am, in short, ready to strike any bargain to get out of my poverty.' Oswald was amazed at the folly and impiety of this confession. But for some time he hardly knew what to say to men so ignorant and vicious.

Having at length, after some time for deliberation, formed a scheme by which he might take advantage of the men's willingness to work out any plan he might suggest, he told them all individually that he was prepared to teach them the art of goldmaking, and that for this purpose they must come to his house on a certain evening, a short time before midnight. All, as a matter of course, gladly promised to attend.

Accordingly, on the appointed night, the would-be goldmakers arrived at Oswald's house, each supposing himself a solitary visitor, and all were conducted into one room in entire darkness. Every one shuddered as he felt others near him, and all stood together in the darkness in breathless terror until the church clock struck twelve. Then suddenly the door was opened, and Oswald walked in arrayed in full military costume, with a feather in his cap, a sword at his side, and bearing two candles in his hands. He found thirty-two visitors present, all looking ashamed of their mutual recognition, and

terrified at the appearance of one whom they believed to be closely allied with evil demons. But Oswald looked on them with a very serious face, and began to speak: 'Look at me, unhappy men, and see who I am. I follow no black art. I am a worshipper of God. In God's way only is prosperity to be found. But you have been far out of that way. You have been drunken lazy wretches, cruel to your wives and children, and now you are in debt and misery. Will you let me help you? If you would be as rich as I am, do as I do!' So saying, he poured upon the table a heap of gold from a bag. The men all stared with dazzled eyes; their hearts beat and fluttered fearfully. Oswald continued: 'You have come to learn how to make gold. I will teach you. But you must serve an apprenticeship of seven years and seven weeks. He who observes my lessons for that time, shall at the end have more gold to spare than you see now upon this table. But, I tell you, my rules will be hard to obey, unless you turn your hearts and become new men.'

All the listeners, in anxious silence, stared on Oswald's face, as if he were their judge just about to pronounce their doom.

'Now, hear my rules for goldmaking,' said he, 'to be kept for the space of seven years and seven weeks. If any of you will not observe these rules, let him depart.' Not one moved from his place; so Oswald delivered the following rules for goldmaking:

'1. You shall avoid all taverns, and regularly attend the church.

'2. You shall play no games with cards, dice, &c., nor gamble in any way.

'3. You shall use no oaths, nor lying and slanderous words.

'4. Every day you shall have prayers in your families, and labour industriously.

'5. You shall consume neither wine nor brandy, and be strictly temperate in everything, not even smoking tobacco.

'6. You shall suffer no weeds to stand in your gardens, nor rubbish to lie in your houses.

'7. You shall keep your own persons and those of your children clean and decent.

'By this last sign I shall know if you are faithful.—Now, if you will promise to observe these rules for the time mentioned, step forward and join hands with me.'

One after another came forward and reached his arm over the pile of gold on the table, and clasped Oswald's hand, and said: 'I will!' At length all the men present made the promise.

'Now,' said Oswald, 'go to your homes, and remember that you have entered into a confederacy for well-doing. We are all, henceforth, to be as one man in the cause. Each is to support the other. If any is weak, we will help him. Farewell.'*

* This conference and its objects remind us of an anecdote in Scottish social history. When James I. visited Scotland in 1617, he found his old friend Thomas, first Earl of

In silence the men departed and sought their respective homes. None of them but was surprised at the unexpected turn which affairs had taken, and individually, they might have rejected the plan pointed out for their acceptance; they were, however, pledged to each other, and shame, if nothing else, would keep them from breaking their promise. It is at least certain that one and all acted on Oswald's midnight injunction. Next morning, considerately advised by Oswald, they set about divers little reforms in and about their dwellings, also in their outward appearance.

'What is the matter? Is the prince coming again?' exclaimed the lame old village watchman as he went his round the next morning, and saw several men dressed more decently than was usual. Besides, there were other wonders in Goldenthal—washing, sweeping, and rubbing of windows, doorways, tables, and benches!

And this marvel did not suddenly die away; but from week to week new causes of wonder arose for all the Goldenthalers who were not in the secret of the Goldmakers' confederacy. The taverns

Haddington, who at the time filled the office of President of the Court of Session, exceedingly rich, and that there was a general belief of his having discovered the Philosopher's Stone—the art of goldmaking. James, who was in the habit of nicknaming all his courtiers, had given the earl the familiar title of Tam o' the Cowgate, from his residing in a street of that name. Highly taken with the idea that Tam had possessed himself of the enviable talisman of the Philosopher's Stone, he was not long in letting his friend and gossip know of the story which he had heard respecting him. Whether the Lord President was offended at the imputation, has not been recorded; but it is probable that he took it in good part, as he immediately invited the king and the rest of the company present to come to his house in the Cowgate next day, when he would both do his best to give them a good dinner, and lay open to them the whole mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. This agreeable invitation was of course accepted; and the next day accordingly saw his house thronged with the gay and gorgeous figures of England's king and courtiers, all of whom the President feasted to their heart's content. After dinner, the king reminded him of his Philosopher's Stone, and expressed the utmost anxiety to be speedily made acquainted with so rare a treasure, when the pawky lord addressed his majesty and the company in a short speech, concluding with this information, that his whole secret lay in two simple and familiar maxims: 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day; nor ever trust to another's hand what your own can execute.' He might have added, from the works of an illustrious contemporary:

'This only is the witchcraft I have used.'

The guests, who expected to find the earl's talisman of a more tangible character, were perhaps disappointed that the whole matter turned out to be mere words; but the king, who could appreciate a good saying, took up the affair more blithely, and complimented his host upon the means he had employed in the construction of his fortune, adding, that these admirable apothegms should henceforth be proverbial, under the appellation of '*Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone.*' The king appears to have been obeyed in this by his Scottish subjects with more readiness than he found in certain other of the edicts which he issued upon the occasion of his visit to Scotland, for, long after the Episcopal forms of worship which he then engrafted upon Presbytery had passed away and been forgotten, Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone was remembered with satisfaction, and it has even been used as an adage within the recollection of aged persons still alive.

began to look deserted; the court for ninepins on Sunday echoed neither to rolling balls, curses, nor laughter; cards and dice lay almost undisturbed. Those who had been the most frequent visitors at the taverns, now employed their evenings with their wives and children, or in looking over their fields. The host of the *Eagle*, when he saw his benches almost empty on Sunday, nearly shed tears of vexation as he exclaimed: 'Have all the people lost their senses? There must be some amendment of this—such a sad state of things must not be tolerated!' Brenzel, too, joined loudly in the complaint. Said he: 'This is an infamous conspiracy against me!' The reformation in his parish attracted the attention even of the old parson, and he dated it all from the delivery of one of his longest sermons. Enraged that the clergyman should acknowledge the change of manners as an improvement, the two publicans almost entirely left their places in the church.

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## VI.

### ACCOUNTS ARE EXAMINED—THE SAVINGS-BOX—THE SOUP-KITCHEN—TAVERNS SHUT UP.

As the year passed on, several members of the goldmakers' party came to the schoolmaster, complaining that, though they had attended to all his rules of economy, they were encumbered with old debts, and threatened with expulsion from their houses. Oswald looked carefully into all their accounts. The disorderly and melancholy state in which he found them gave him great trouble; but he toiled through them. He then helped the poor people to reckon up their earnings, their expenditure, and the sums they could contrive to lay by for the payment of their old debts. Some families he helped by finding employment for the young people in the town.

Having, in the course of his reading, learned the nature of savings-banks, Oswald thought there was a good opportunity of establishing one in the village. He therefore collected a number of persons, among the rest the members of the confederacy, and explained to them how one of these banks might be set up. All agreed that it might answer, if Oswald would undertake its management. This he very willingly consented to do. The savings-bank was begun, and the money which was collected was lent at interest to those who needed it, and who could be trusted.

The getting of interest was a new thing to so many of the villagers, that they became zealous in saving, and were even so economical as to be disposed to rob themselves and their children of necessary

food. This suggested to Oswald a new means of economy. He persuaded his mother-in-law, with the help of others, to prepare soup for the poor families, for which they paid a very low price, and so gained food at a great saving of time and expense in fuel and cookery. Soon this plan was found to be so beneficial, and became so popular, that the host of the *Eagle* opened a rival soup-kitchen. This, however, did not succeed well, nor did it deserve to do, for the publican thought only of his own interest. With all their poverty, the Goldenthalers had been famous for their propensity to litigation, and just now the host of the *Eagle* tavern was engaged in a lawsuit about an old oak tree which, he thought, belonged to his land. It had already cost him a thousand guilders; and now he was led on and on until he was compelled to sell his house and fields to pay his lawyers and other creditors. This, however, brought good to Goldenthal, for the *Eagle* was now shut up, and the *Lion* left alone.

The number of well-doers was now so greatly increased, that Oswald was not exposed to the same ungracious persecutions he once was. Still, there was an old set, confirmed in bad habits and prejudices, who shook their heads at the signs of the times, and said: 'Tis plain the village is going to ruin. There is only one public-house supported. Alas! we once had three!' Oswald reproved their mistake, and told them that the *Lion* and the *Eagle* were ravenous wild beasts that had fed on the substance of the community too long. When Brenzel heard that the schoolmaster had called the *Lion* a wild beast, he was ready to burst with anger, and threatened an action for damages; but Oswald kept out of the claws of the *Lion*.

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## VII.

### A THUNDER-STORM—THE NEW CLERGYMAN.

About this time there was a terrible storm one night. All the sky seemed as if in flames. The thunder rolled, houses shook, and windows clattered. A terrible flash of lightning burst upon the parsonage, and blazed around the building; but happily no part caught fire. Yet so severe was the shock of alarm to the poor old clergyman, that he was very ill, and in the course of a few days he died. The ignorant Goldenthalers laid the blame upon the government, for forbidding the ringing of the church-bells in thunder-storms. 'We might have rung the thunder away,' said some of the old ones. Oswald shewed them the error of their notion, and taught them the cause of thunder, and the use of the lightning-conductor. He fitted one to his own house, and the miller followed his example.

This, again, displeased some, who said it was an impious folly, and asked: 'Cannot the Almighty send his lightning wherever he pleases?' Oswald took pains to correct this mistake, and shewed them the right way of trusting in Providence, and still making use of all proper means of averting danger. His doctrine was new and strange; but it happily made some converts.

To supply the place of the deceased parson, a young preacher, named Roderick, was appointed to Goldenthal. 'What can such a boy as that do for us?' said some of the old people, when they saw the new parson, who was about twenty-seven years of age; and when they had heard him, they added: 'Ah, we see our new parson is one of the new-fangled preachers. We can understand every word that he says. What is the good of that? He is not learned enough: he should go more deeply into things. Our worthy old parson was a different man: he could preach for an hour and a half far beyond our understandings. It was quite delightful to hear him!'

Fortunately, there were some in Goldenthal who could better estimate the new parson, and they found him a pious, worthy, and learned man, though young. He was sociable, and yet serious; humble in deportment, and yet commanding respect; full of patience; and when he spoke reproof, it was still the voice of love. Soon after his arrival in Goldenthal, he visited every family in his parish. His manifest kindness infused confidence into the minds of his people; he heard their complaints, overruled their dissensions, attended to all their wants, and visited most frequently the poorest and the lowest of his flock. On Sunday, in the pulpit, he spoke so that every hearer believed the discourse to be addressed especially to himself.

Great was the delight of this good young clergyman on his first visit to Oswald's school. The cleanliness, quietness, and good order of the children pleasingly surprised him. As Oswald knelt down to offer his prayer of thanksgiving and adoration, the visitor knelt beside him, and tears fell from his eyes as Oswald prayed for the children. When this devotional exercise was over, he addressed to Oswald the warmest expression of thanks for the attention he had paid to the young. 'Excellent man!' said he, 'you have here sown good seed for eternity: may I be able to follow your example! If ever I am discouraged in my duties, I shall come here and be a scholar myself.'

And now, when the children found that the new parson so highly esteemed their teacher, their love and admiration of Oswald rose higher than before, and the consequence was, the school prospered more rapidly than ever. Roderick was a healer of the bodies as well as the souls of his people. He turned them from the error of their fantastic ways of dealing with some diseases by spells, charms, &c.; and as he had studied medicine so as to know the remedies for many common complaints, he wrought so many good cures,

that the poor people had great confidence in him. Thus he followed his Master—'healing the sick, and preaching the kingdom of heaven.' He was also skilful in many other useful things, for he had considered in his youth that no knowledge of the affairs of life ought to be neglected by the country parson. Among other things, he was skilled in the management of bees, and had brought some very choice hives to Goldenthal; and the result of his endeavours to introduce the care of bees among the people was, that, in the course of a few years, Goldenthal was famous in all the neighbouring towns for its rich and luscious honey.

He knew how to divide his attention well between the souls and bodies of his people; and as he attended to their comfort in their houses, he laboured to refine and elevate their minds by the services at church. He determined to reform their practice of singing in church, which had been coarse, violent, and noisy. Every one had been accustomed to bawl with all his might, as if he would crack the windows or raise the roof; and the old people were so attached to this custom, that they thought the praise of God could be sung in no other way. Oswald had made a reformation among the young, and had taught them to sing with him at school harmoniously, in four parts. Some of the old people admired this style of singing in the school, but still they thought nothing but the old style of bawling would do for the church. But the young parson determined to quell the storm of discord which offended his ears, and therefore he proposed that service should be opened by the children singing alone. This was done; but by degrees some of the adults were tempted to join softly in the tune, which was just as Oswald and Roderick desired; and, in course of time, such a right feeling for true, harmonious, and devotional singing was spread among the people, that the whole congregation united their voices so softly and well, that the harmony from the choir of children was heard distinct from the general sound, and with a solemn and devotional effect.

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## VIII.

### THE GOLDENTHALERS WIN GOOD FAME—A NEW OVERSEER—DEBTS TO BE PAID.

We pass over a space of time during which Roderick and Oswald were labouring to confirm and extend the good work of reformation which they had begun. And what was the result? Good credit was restored to Goldenthal, and a favourable report of the village was spread throughout the neighbouring country. The hemp, flax, grain, vegetables, and fruit brought to market from Goldenthal were

all so good as to raise surprise; the butter was exquisite and abundant; in short, the village rose so rapidly in public estimation, that the surrounding townspeople jokingly styled it the GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

Some might suppose that Oswald, who was the spring of every good movement among the people, had burdened himself and his good wife with too many offices; but he knew better how to arrange his affairs. He had found out among his pupils, and trained for the service, a youth able to take the greater part of the labour of the school. This young man's name was John Heiter, and, as a teacher, he soon became almost as much beloved by the pupils as Oswald.

The confederacy of the thirty-two stood firm to their principles, and made converts by their examples; but still there were several idle and miserable men in Goldenthal, who arrayed themselves against every improvement; and at the head of these poor creatures stood the host of the *Lion*, the misguided Brenzel. Great was the wrath and vexation of this stubborn man when Oswald and an honest industrious man named Ulrich Stark were elected to fill two vacancies in the board of guardians for the village. But he disguised his anger as well as he could, and paid a visit to Oswald, congratulating him upon his election.

But now, at the first meeting of the guardians, when Oswald and Ulrich Stark proceeded to business, they first demanded a rigid examination of the account-books. Here all was in the greatest disorder. The parish still owed about seven thousand guilders, and of this half was owing to the host of the *Lion*, who received five per cent. interest on the capital he had lent, while he paid only four per cent. for sums he had borrowed from the same funds, which was clearly unjust. Great expenses had been caused by all kinds of trifling visits and little affairs of business, which honourable men would have done gratuitously. In short, the whole of the accounts bore strong testimony against the selfishness and fraud of the late managers of the parish property, and none was so seriously criminated as the host of the *Lion*. Oswald made out such a dark account against this man, that the haughty and despotic Brenzel had to humble himself and supplicate for mercy. But Oswald determined, in justice to the poor, the widows, and the orphans, to refer the whole business to the proper legal authorities, by whom the accounts of Goldenthal parish were scrutinised; and the consequence was, that a warrant was issued against the host of the *Lion*, his goods were seized, and he was condemned to imprisonment.

Oswald was now almost master of the parish; but his position was not an easy one. He had many hard journeys to perform, and much opposition and misrepresentation to endure, before he could avert the dangers which had threatened the ill-regulated place. His first task was to diminish the burden of the debt still lying upon the people—above six thousand guilders. For this purpose he commenced a

valuation of all the land in Goldenthal, that it might be known what were the real circumstances of every parishioner, and what the amount of taxes he ought to pay. He next determined that a better use should be made of the land which was common parish property, and thus he explained his plan to his fellow-parishioners: 'You know that this common land is of little service to the poor at present. It is trodden down by the cattle belonging to those who are comparatively rich. This is not fair. Every man in the parish has a right to a share of it; but now those who do not keep any cattle derive no benefit from it. Let us have it portioned out, and fairly cultivated.' This proposition was met by murmurs and objections from those interested in unfair usages; but the majority were with Oswald, and the motion was carried. The rich farmers appealed to government against Oswald's innovation, but the only answer they received was: 'The common belongs to the parishioners, and not to the cows of Goldenthal; and every peasant may claim his portion, and make use of it as he pleases. You are not so careful to preserve the ancient rights of your parish, as to defend your own selfish practices.'

The following spring found a great improvement in the waste land of Goldenthal. Gardens were now blooming where lately the cattle had grazed upon scanty herbage. Hops, beans, hemp, flax, cabbages, potatoes, clover, and corn were flourishing on the newly broken ground. Even the farmers who had opposed Oswald's plan confessed that its result was indeed cheering, for the poor people were becoming more industrious, and paying their old debts. Next, Oswald turned his attention to the forest-land belonging to the parish, and called a meeting of the Goldenthalers to consider another new project. He explained to them that he had observed a sad waste of wood in the village. 'Other parishes,' said he, 'consume less of this valuable article for household purposes, because they have public ovens, where one fire does the work of a hundred. Why cannot we follow their example? To burn wood as we do, is to burn gold.' Another of the parish-officers observed, that in some villages there were also public washing-houses, which he would recommend to the people of Goldenthal for their convenience and economy. These propositions were approved of by the meeting; and next, Oswald led them to consider for what profitable use they might employ the spare wood, so as to make it help towards the payment of their debts. After some opposition, a good plan was agreed upon; and the profits realised in one year by the erection of public ovens and washing-houses, as well as the economy of fuel, surprised all those who had never before turned their attention to such speculations.

And now, as the parish debt was melting away, and many of the Goldenthalers who had once been clothed in rags shewed themselves in decent apparel at the market, the townspeople imagined that not

a single beggar was to be found in Goldenthal. But this was too good yet to be true. Some of the old race remained, and refused to be improved. There were still too many who preferred begging to any honourable labour; and even able-bodied men and women were to be found who would not only live by begging themselves, but would marry and bring up children in beggary. Such disorders grieved the heart of the worthy young parson, and he had many consultations with Oswald regarding the best mode of remedy. 'Unless we remove this great evil,' said he, 'our prosperity will have a worm at its root, and soon decay.'

The 'Spital, as the poor-house was called, was a miserable place, where the poor had been huddled together like cattle in a fold, without any discrimination of age, sex, character, or state of health, and there kept without any proper supervision, and supplied with no useful employment. Roderick had often visited the place, and was resolved that such a nursery of idleness and vice should no longer defile and disgrace his parish. A list was prepared of all the people unable to support themselves. The 'Spital was reformed, and changed into quite another house. A large kitchen was made, where the cooking for all the inmates might be done; separate rooms were established for the men and women respectively, and two chambers set apart for the sick; a separate sleeping-cell, too, was provided for every healthy person. Into the newly arranged house all persons who had no houses were conducted, as well as the children of such families as had no decent accommodation at home. Children were left with their parents in all cases where this could be done without peril to the health of both their bodies and their minds.

Suitable persons were appointed to visit all the families receiving from the parish relief in their own houses, and regular reports were given by these visitors to Roderick and Oswald. All the paupers who could labour were compelled to do so in support of the funds of the 'Spital; and if any one refused to do his duty, he was condemned to imprisonment, and supplied only with bread and water. This regulation soon exposed the distinction between the worthless and those who were willing to become useful members of society. The land attached to the 'Spital was laid out in gardens, and soon shewed signs of good cultivation. Every pauper was obliged to contribute a certain amount of the produce of his allotment to the common fund, but with permission to raise more for his own purposes. Abundant work was found for all who were strong, in mending the roads, draining the boggy parts of the forest, felling trees, planting, clearing the water-courses, and other ways. There was indoor work too for rainy weather and for the women: they were required to keep all the furniture in the 'Spital in good order, and to keep themselves employed with spinning, knitting, and sewing. By such measures, enforced by a constant, kind, and watchful supervision, the 'Spital was transformed into a comfortable abode, and a nursery

of industrious habits. And all this was soon done without any expense to the parish. The inmates of the house were soon able to prepare and cook their own food, repair their clothes, and to manufacture goods which found a sale. Their minds also improved as their physical condition was elevated by decency, industry, and orderly habits. Roderick conducted divine worship in the 'Spital on several evenings in the week; and the inmates were taught not only to respect themselves, and do justice to their neighbours, but also to be humble and devout before their Maker and Saviour.

It should be observed, that every inmate was at liberty to leave the house whenever he thought proper, provided that he could shew that he had a fair prospect of otherwise honourably supporting himself and those belonging to him. Thus many who had been burdens to themselves and to the parish, by kind and prudent means well carried out, were restored to the happy condition of being willing and able to support themselves, and contribute to the welfare of society at Goldenthal.

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## IX.

### SOMETHING NEW AGAIN.

'What can Oswald be scheming now?' said some of the people when the reformer began to devote his evenings to the measurement of their farms. He was walking about with the schoolmaster, John Heiter, stretching the chain, or looking over the tops of the stakes he had fixed in the ground. 'What can all this mean?' asked the people.

In the course of some months, Oswald had prepared a complete map of all the land in the parish, with every stile, house, and path. This was suspended in the parish vestry, and many went to wonder at it every day, until Oswald assembled the principal land-proprietors to hear an explanation of his design.

'Here,' said he, 'is a plan of all your lands, which our schoolmaster, assisted by some of the boys, has made out for us. I will now explain my purpose. When I surveyed the fields which you have cultivated with hard labour, I could not but observe that some of them yield less than they ought to do with good management; and, in many instances, a great part of the labour and expense of cultivation might be spared. I propose to render your plans more economical, by saving, in the first place, *time*. As you have bought your several parcels of land at various times, I find that they lie widely scattered, so that a man has to cross the parish sometimes

to go from one of his fields to another. Here is a great waste of time. One of you has a small piece of land on the hill-side, then another patch behind the wood, another near the high-road, and still another patch on the other side of our rivulet. Thus a great part of the day is spent in walking to and fro; and this loss of time by every man employed on the land, and also by your cattle drawing manure, &c., must, when summed up, appear a very serious matter at the end of the year. Now, if all these scattered pieces of land could be gathered into one compact allotment, would not there be a great saving of time, labour, and expense?'

All assented; but some suggested that it was not easy to carry land about. Oswald went on to explain his plan.

'My plan has its difficulties,' said he; 'but only be fair and obliging to each other, and as you can see now how much land belongs to each of you, I would suggest that you may, with mutual advantage, make exchanges of land, so as to have all your farms more compact. The advantage will surely be great. Throw aside selfishness; do the thing that is just; take time for consideration, and I believe you will carry the plan into effect for the good of the parish.'

Some shook their heads, and said it was impossible; yet they began to study it at their homes. It became the most popular entertainment during the winter to discuss the proposed measure; and in the spring several good arrangements were made. Then, when some of the small farmers found the profit of having their lands together, others became anxious to share in the improvement: the map was studied every evening, and the divisions of land were soon more conveniently disposed for cultivation. Perseverance in good plans carried on improvement in Goldenthal, until it indeed deserved its name. It was a golden valley. The village lay in the midst of fruitful gardens, orchards, meadows, and golden corn-fields. The foot-paths over the fields were kept smooth and clear from weeds, and the roads throughout the parish were ornamented with fruit-trees. The village looked like a flourishing little town. Every house had shining windows, a polished door, a roof of tiles, a little flower-garden, and a hive of bees. The people were well clothed, and their cheerful faces told that they lived happily together. Many had brown, sunburnt faces; but strength and health were smiling from their eyes. The young men of the neighbouring villages looked wistfully at the maidens of Goldenthal, and even the sons of respectable farmers thought they did well to obtain the hand of one of these maidens, who supplied the want of money with genuine household virtues.

After service on Sunday, Goldenthal presented a scene of true rural happiness: parties of friends and relatives assembled in the houses, or sat in the gardens enjoying fruit, honey, milk, and other pastoral luxuries. The village became a favourite place of resort

for the respectable people of the town; and even in winter, skating-parties would meet at Goldenthal. Under the guidance of Heiter, the schoolmaster, the young choir had attained such proficiency as to be able to sing choral pieces, such as could seldom be heard even in the neighbouring towns. Thus the young people, supplied with innocent and intellectual amusements, and shut out from many temptations, were able to spend their evenings in summer and in winter without feeling anything of that dulness and want of occupation by which many are led into intemperance and other vices.

As may be supposed, there were some who were disposed to mar the good results of Oswald's labours. A number of the village peasants, as they became more wealthy, were tempted to vanity; some of their daughters dressed too gaily; while some of the men indulged in the wine-flask or at the billiard-table. But this conduct aroused the fears of all the well-disposed inhabitants, and, taught by experience, they foresaw in such vanities and indulgences the first tendency to go backward. When fully aware of the evil, there were grave deliberations on the subject; and a species of union was formed of persons who agreed to abide by certain regulations as to dress and manners. This movement had the desired effect; the force of public opinion suppressing the tendencies to vice and disorder. Every year the regulations were read aloud in the church to the congregation, and such additions were made from time to time as seemed necessary. After the reading, the question was put to all, old and young, men, women, and children, in the assembly: 'Will you stand by this code of laws, which is the foundation of all our prosperity, happiness, and honour?' And all the people answered with one accord, with a loud voice, that they would. Thus the integrity of the parish was preserved.

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## X.

### THE BAPTISM OF OSWALD'S CHILD.

And now Oswald was truly happy, for his Elizabeth presented to him a fine healthy son. He went to carry the news to his friend the new host at the *Lion*, who was one of the faithful members of the confederacy. 'Friend,' said Oswald, 'I think I have never yet asked you to bestow a favour upon me; now I must do it. My wife has just given me a son and heir. I cannot leave her, and go to the town; but I require, for a certain purpose, the loan of five hundred guilders—only for eight days.'

'Of course I will lend them,' said the host of the *Lion;* 'but I have not all that in gold.'

'Let it be gold if you can,' said Oswald; 'see what you can do, and bring it to my house to-morrow evening exactly at eight o'clock. But say nothing of it to anybody.'

In the same way Oswald called upon every one of the two-and-thirty men who had made the promise to keep the seven rules: to each of them he addressed the same petition, and appointed the same time and place for receiving the money. All these friends met at Oswald's house at the hour of dusk, and were conducted into a chamber almost dark. Oswald went out to fetch candles, and in a few minutes returned, arrayed in a military costume, with star, sword, and feather, just as he had appeared to them in the same room seven years before. 'Have you brought the money, my friends?' said he. 'Please to lay it upon the table.' One after another stepped forward, and laid his heap of money upon it.

Then Oswald spoke: 'Remember, my friends, that now your time of probation has expired: the seven years and seven weeks are gone; and now you have placed more gold upon this table than lay upon it on the night of our engagement. My promise is fulfilled: I have taught you the art of goldmaking. And now abide faithful to God and your own vows; so shall your welfare increase from day to day. Bring up your children by the same rules, and your welfare will descend to them.' Many expressions of hearty gratitude broke forth as Oswald ceased speaking. He now returned the money to those who were so willing to lend, assuring them that he did not need it.

'Then what can we do for you to express our thankfulness?' said several at once. 'Only tell us, and we are ready to go through fire to serve you, for without you we should have been ruined.'

Then Oswald answered: 'I thank you for your sincere friendship, but I have no need of assistance of any kind. Thanks to a worthy man, my good father, who gave me a fair education. When a soldier, I found all that I had learned useful, and my knowledge of land-measurement, next to my good conduct, procured for me promotion to the rank of captain of horse. In a skirmish, when the prince was surrounded by foes, I dashed in with my squadron and rescued him. I received for that service this wound on my brow, and the star on my breast, with a good pension for life. The prince has never forgotten me, but, as you have seen, has condescended to visit me here in Goldenthal. When I returned to my native village, and found it in such miserable circumstances, I thought it prudent to disguise my real condition. I soon lost all desire of living in Goldenthal, and should have gone away had I not seen Elizabeth, my dear wife: she kept me in the place. Then I resolved to do my utmost towards improving the place where I chose to dwell. To carry out my plan, I hid my wealth and rank from all except my wife and her parents. And now,' he added, 'let this discovery of my station in the world make no difference in your intercourse with

me: you are my brethren, and the title I shall be proudest of will be to be called your *friend!*'

'Then,' said the chief speaker of the company, 'if we can express our thanks in no other way, we and our families will attend your child's baptism, and make the day a festival in all our houses!'

Sunday came, and all the young people in Goldenthal arose early, for on that day Oswald's child was to be baptised. In the morning, Oswald went to the bedside and kissed the young mother and her infant. 'See, Elizabeth,' said he, 'my heart is almost breaking with joy and sorrow mingled. My boy makes my heart glad, and the aspect of our village this morning moves me to tears. See! who dare deny the capability of goodness and gratitude in the souls of men? During the night, they have decked our house with garlands and wreaths, as they did at our bridal; and not only so, but all the cottages in the village are decorated with green boughs and wreaths of bright flowers, as if our festival was to be a festival in every family. And all the way from our house to the church, they have planted stakes on each side of the road, and hung long strings of flowers between them, while the road is strewn with green leaves and many-coloured flowers.'

The young mother blushed with pleasure, and her eyes were moistened as she heard what Oswald told. 'I have heard noises of going to and fro in the night,' said she, 'and knew not what to make of them.' She could not stay in bed, but must go to the window to see the decorations of the cottages. And then she wept silently, for nothing is more touching to a tender soul than to witness the sympathy of many united by one good feeling; it is an anticipation of the joy that will be felt in heaven. Elizabeth returned to her infant son, and her parents arrived to prepare for the baptismal ceremony. The miller's good wife could not express her joy at the gay appearance of the village. 'Never,' said she—'never was there such a baptism in Goldenthal before—no, not even at the birth of a prince have we had such a festival!' As she was speaking, a procession of boys and girls came on towards Oswald's house: all were clothed in their best Sunday garments, and every one carried some little present for the cradle of the infant. They came in two at a time, and, kneeling down, kissed the hand of the young mother, calling her 'Mother Elizabeth;' then kissed the hand of Oswald, and called him 'Father Oswald!'

Then all the church bells began to ring joyously. The child was dressed, and carried to the church. The grandfather and the grandmother followed, and behind them walked the father, deeply moved in his soul. The whole congregation, old and young, stood before the church in a wide half-circle waiting for Oswald; and as he came, all said, as with one soft and friendly voice, 'Good-morning, Father Oswald:' then all followed him into the church. After the baptism, the preacher, Roderick, delivered a sermon on

the duty of the people to be grateful for good guardians. He seemed to be inspired more than usual with his theme. Word after word went to the hearts of the people. When he came to the closing prayer, and with tremulous voice prayed for the good guardians of Goldenthal—when, with tears no longer to be suppressed, he lisped out the name of Oswald, there was sobbing and weeping in the congregation: every one thought of all that Oswald had done for the parish; and at the conclusion of the service, the hymn 'for the life of the public guardians' arose to Heaven from an assembly of warm and thankful hearts.

Oswald walked to his house with his head bowed down, and yet happy at heart. When he saw his wife, he could hardly speak for emotion. The parson, the miller and his wife, and Oswald's fellow-guardians, sat down to the christening dinner; then it was told that a festive dinner was prepared in every cottage, as if a child in every family had been baptised. Oswald shook his head, and said: 'I am not worthy of all this kindness.' But the general joy cheered his soul. In the evening, he visited many of the cottages to express his thanks for their display of affection; and until late in the twilight, youths and maidens were dancing on the green, and songs were resounding from the houses, the shade of the lime-trees, and the gardens all around. That day has been long talked of at Goldenthal; and since that time, Oswald has always kept the title of Father, and Elizabeth has been called Mother by all the young people of the village. Surely all good sown in this life shall be rewarded at last with a rich harvest, for God, the loving and merciful, the rewarder of the good, lives and rules over us all.

# SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, born November 15, 1731, and whose life was extended to April 25, 1800, was one of the most popular English poets of his day, and his pieces still enjoy a high reputation for their truthfulness to nature, piety, and good sense; also for the smoothness and finish of their versification. Written towards the close of the eighteenth century, they may be considered to form a link between the era of Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, and others, and that of the modern poets, including Byron and Scott. Unfortunately, Cowper suffered under a poor state of health for many years before his death; and his life was spent chiefly in rural retirement, of which there are various evidences in his writings.

## ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say:
'Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear;
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! But the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes:
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile);
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no; what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,

That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh! the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

## THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

'And such,' I exclaimed, 'is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

'This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner a while;
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.'

## THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though theirs they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did All-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne the sky?
Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of His will to use?

Hark! He answers—Wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
Where His whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain;
By the miseries we have tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;
By our sufferings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All sustained by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours!

## THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,

Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
'Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
'As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

## JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied: 'I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs Gilpin: 'That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs:
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he; 'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs Gilpin (careful soul)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So 'Fair and softly,' John he cried;
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
  Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
  Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
  Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out 'Well done!'
  As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
  His fame soon spread around;
'He carries weight! he rides a race!
  'Tis for a thousand pound!'

And still, as fast as he drew near,
  'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
  Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
  Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
  As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house,'
They all aloud did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired:'
Said Gilpin: 'So am I.'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—His owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

'What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall;
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig:
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John: 'It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

So, turning to his horse, he said:
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—They were too big.

Now Mrs Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell:
'This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein:

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did; and won it too;
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king;
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

## LOVE OF NATURE.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves, fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.
Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
Who oftenest sacrifice, are favoured least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange there should be found
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God

The inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
Lovely indeed the mimic works of art;
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shews me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls:
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature, every sense.
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a power
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed;
Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it who, imprisoned long
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light:
His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue;
His eye relumines its extinguished fires;
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
And riots in the sweets of every breeze.
He does not scorn it who has long endured
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs;
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed
With acrid salts, his very heart athirst
To gaze at Nature in her green array;
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed
With visions prompted by intense desire:
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find—
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.
The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness that overshade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.

Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragged into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
They love it, and yet loathe it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No; the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

## TOWN LIFE.

GOD made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue—gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all—should most abound,
And least be threatened, in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish;
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound

Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made—what enemies could ne'er have done—
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

## WAR—SLAVERY.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man: the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,

And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home. Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That is noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

## BELIEF IN GOD.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not His eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in His dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart His plan;
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm Him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of His affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft o'erlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the power that wields it.

## LOVE OF ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! And, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves

Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

## ENGLISH LIBERTY.

We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them; him we serve
Freely, and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours!
We love the man, the paltry pageant you;
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes;
We, for the sake of liberty, a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake:
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason—is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.
'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower

Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires;
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl:
Yet, being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.

## EPITAPH ON TINEY,

### A HARE WHICH THE AUTHOR TAMED AND DOMESTICATED.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor e'er heard huntsman's hollo.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey-carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake;
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

## TALKERS.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge—
An extract of his diary—no more—
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again;
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk;
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.
Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed; and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!—
They put on a damp nightcap, and relapse:
They thought they must have died, they were so bad;
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.
Some fretful tempers wince at every touch;
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key—
That 's worse, the drone-pipe of a humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that 's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that 's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.

Your hope to please him vain on every plan;
Himself should work that wonder—if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

## THE LACE-WORKER AND VOLTAIRE.

YON cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

## WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright:
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh, the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in. . . .
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,

However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise—
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion: roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all.
O Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;

No powdered pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom: buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. . . .
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at His awful name, or deem His praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
  Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:

Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely featured Night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.
In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others suffering more. . . .
Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this;
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles while she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear;
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
Of savoury cheese, or butter, costlier still.
Sleep seems their only refuge; for, alas!

Where penury is felt, the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!
With all this thrift, they thrive not. All the care
Ingenious parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory—bed and stool,
Skillet and old carved chest—from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boast have none
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earned,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But ofttimes deaf to suppliants who would blush
To wear a tattered garb, however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase;
And all your numerous progeny, well trained,
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too.

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